★ April 17, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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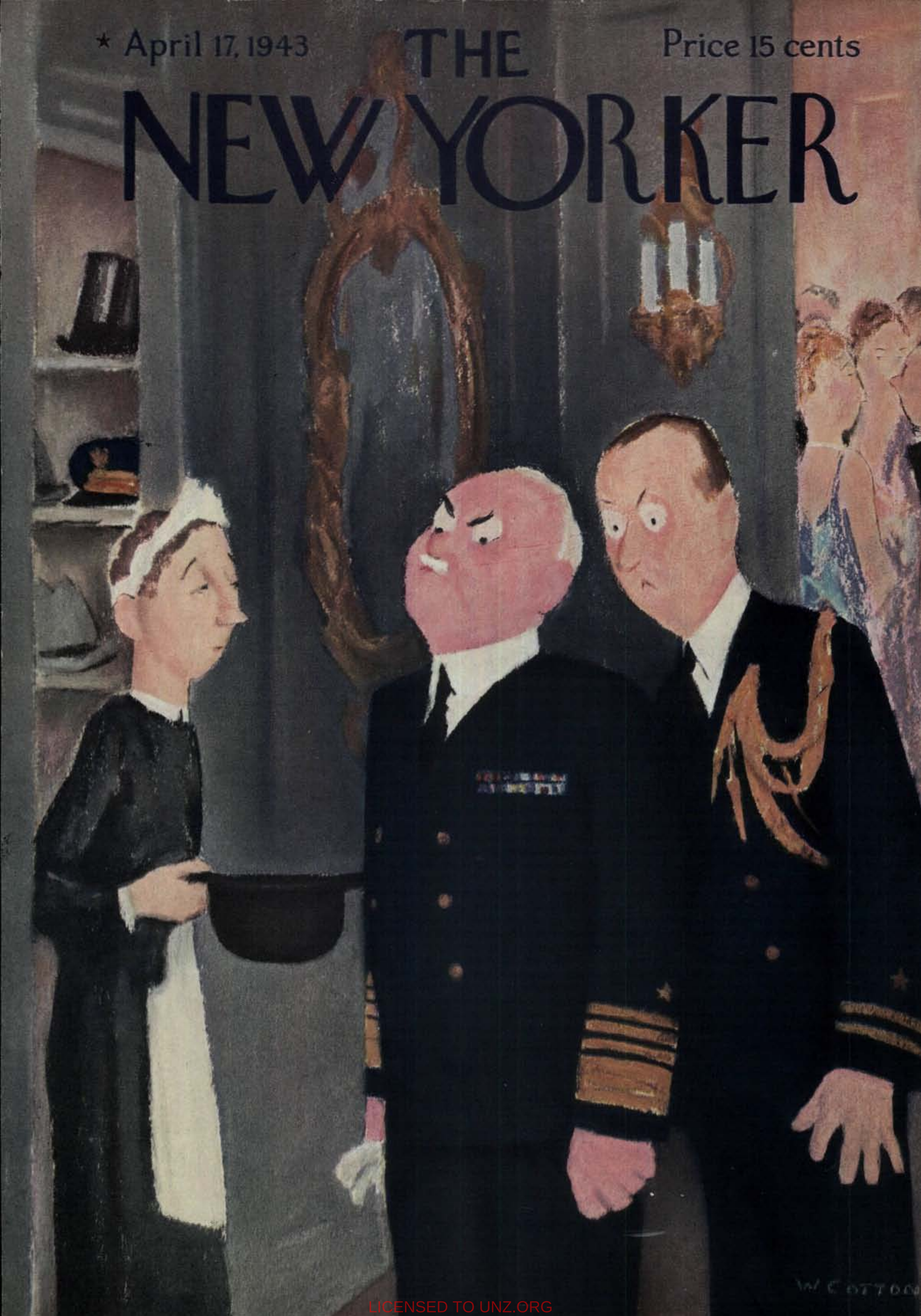
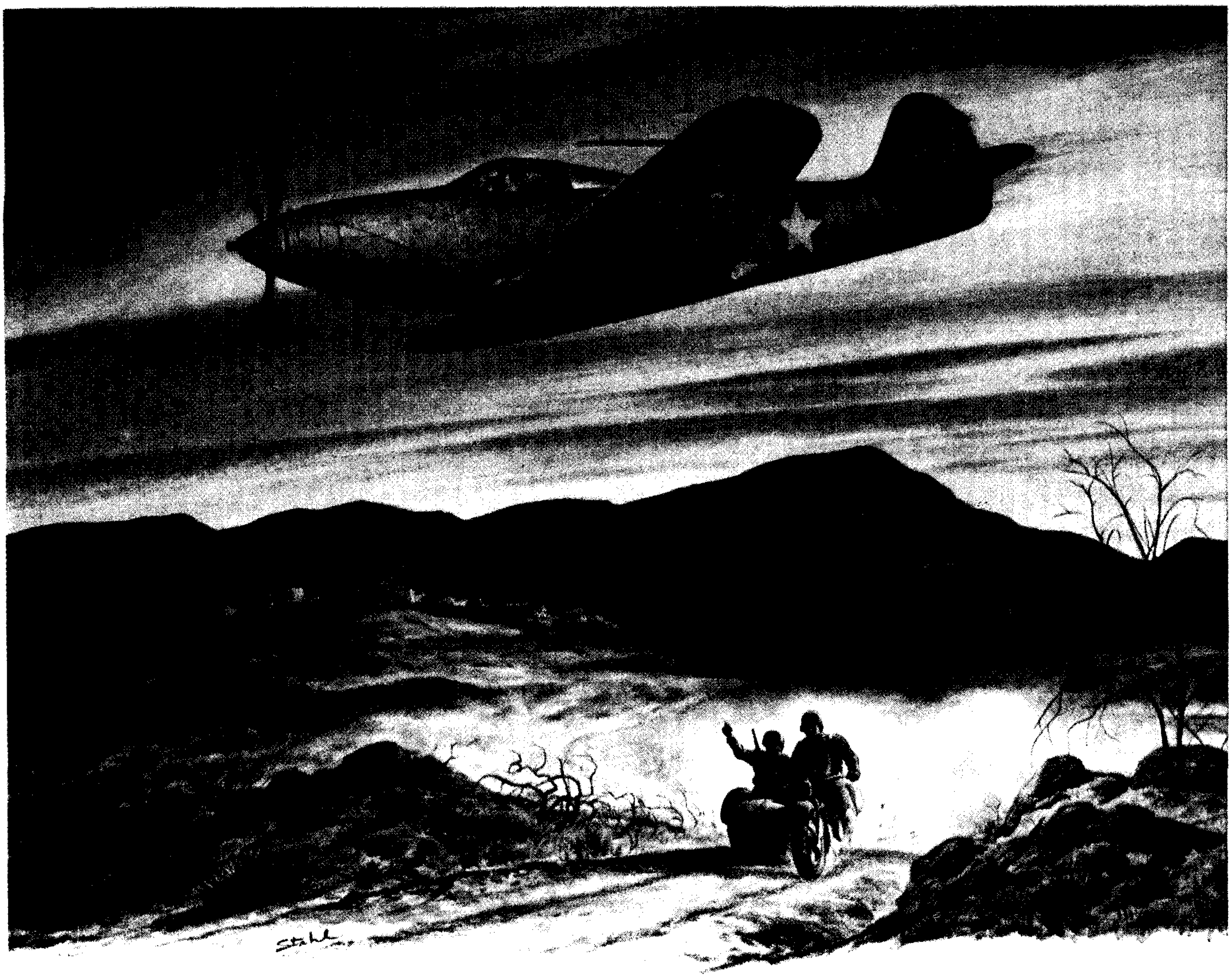
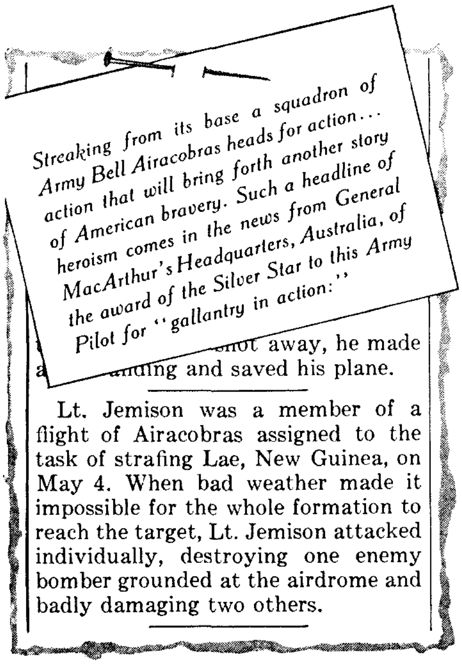




There goes a Headline

...the Axis won't print



Streaking from its base a squadron of Army Bell Airacobras heads for action... action that will bring forth another story of American bravery. Such a headline of heroism comes in the news from General MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia, of the award of the Silver Star to this Army Pilot for "gallantry in action:"

shot away, he made
nding and saved his plane.

Lt. Jemison was a member of a flight of Airacobras assigned to the task of strafing Lae, New Guinea, on May 4. When bad weather made it impossible for the whole formation to reach the target, Lt. Jemison attacked individually, destroying one enemy bomber grounded at the airdrome and badly damaging two others.

Headlines read at home and "shop talk" at battle fronts tell the same story: the Army Bell Airacobra is one of the world's most deadly fighters. Starting with a new conception of aerial striking power, the Airacobra was designed from the cannon bearing nose to the tail, specifically for the job. The job it is doing is headline news... news the Axis won't print. Victory will call for peace time planes produced by the same brilliant planning and sound engineering... but incomparably better because of the lessons learned in war. We are looking forward to that assignment. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

Airacobras for victory—
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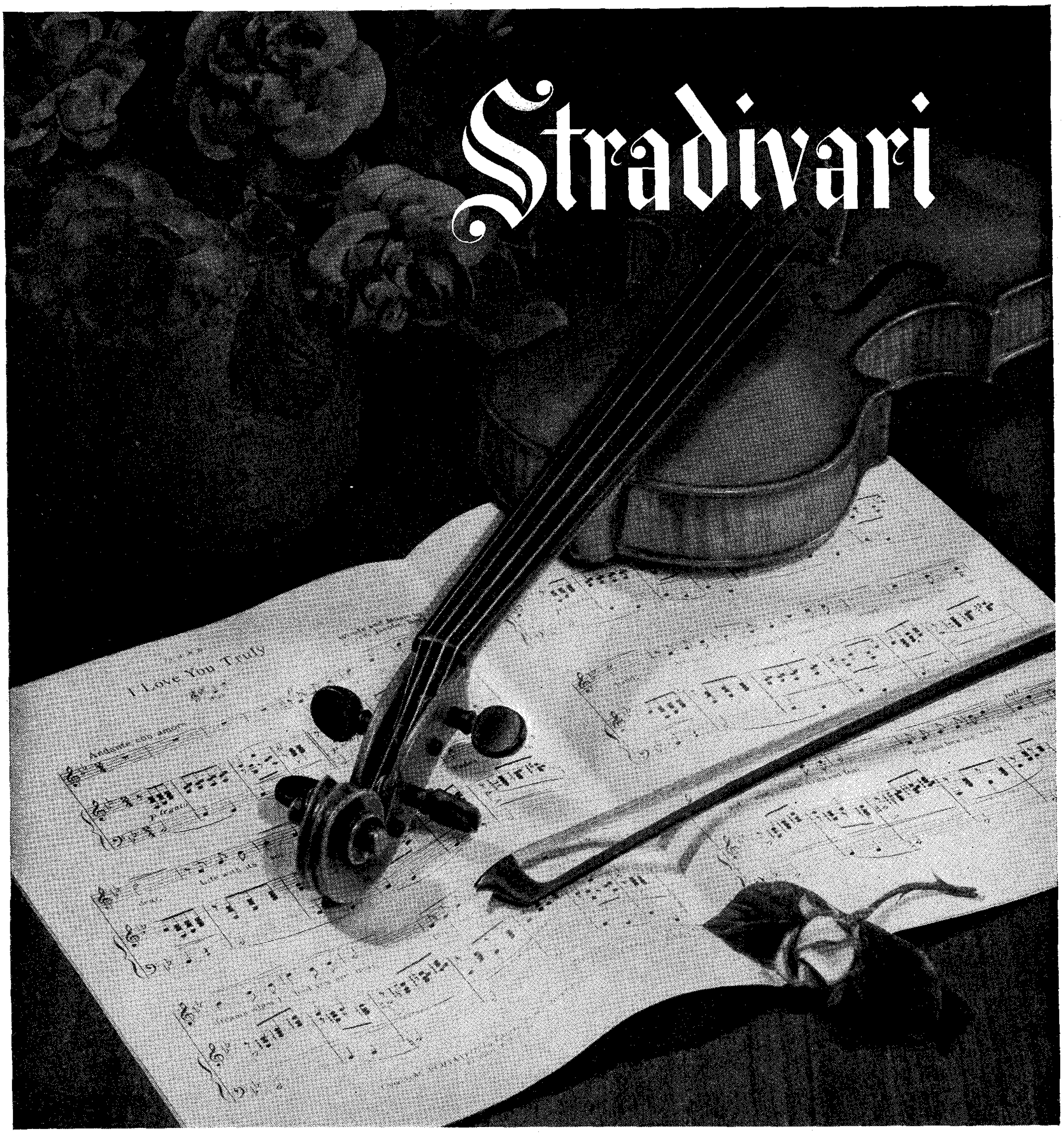
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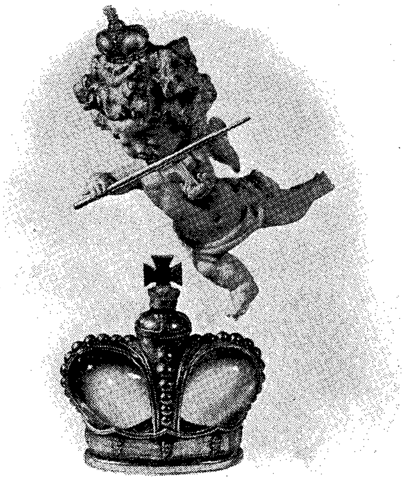

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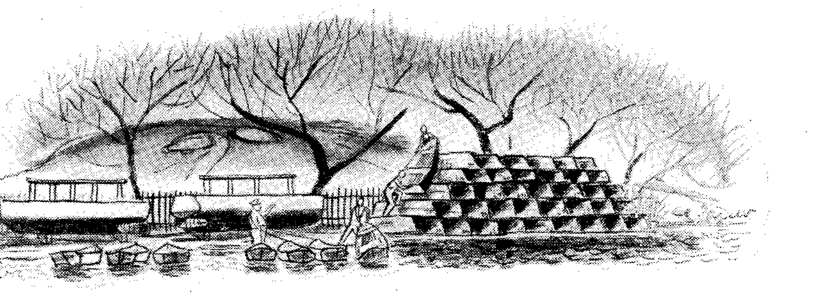
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—An episode on the Russian front which is not as exciting as it might be, in spite of the vigorous efforts of Morris Carnovsky, Sam Wanamaker, Barbara O'Neil, and quite a few others. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 17.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova wrote it, and play in it, too. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun. Eve., April 18, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting but probably more effective as a recruiting poster. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but, unfortunately, a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15,
THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. Raymond Edward Johnson plays the statesman and among others in the cast are House Jameson and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—The Lunts have a field day in this well-got-up costume piece by S. N. Behrman, which nevertheless has its dull moments. Others in the cast include Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—A quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Tomorrow the World—Shirley Booth, Dorothy Sands, and Ralph Bellamy in a play by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau. Staged by Elliott Nugent and produced by Theron Bamberger. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence back again in this fantasy about a lady editor who gets tangled up in psychiatry. The supporting cast is not quite what it was. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

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Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Chic Johnson has left the cast, but Ole Olsen, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser are still around. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Peter Rabbit in Mr. McGregor's Garden," Sat., April 17, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Les Sylphides," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Fantastic Toy Shop," Thurs. Aft., April 15; "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., April 15; "Russian Soldier," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., April 16; "Princess Aurora," "Russian Soldier," "Pas de Quatre," "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., April 17; "Romeo and Juliet," "Pillar of Fire," "Gala Performance," Sun. Eve., April 18. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Charles Weidman—Assisted by Florence Lessing and Peter Hamilton, Fri., April 16; and with Dan Reed and Beatrice Seckler, Sun., April 18; at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

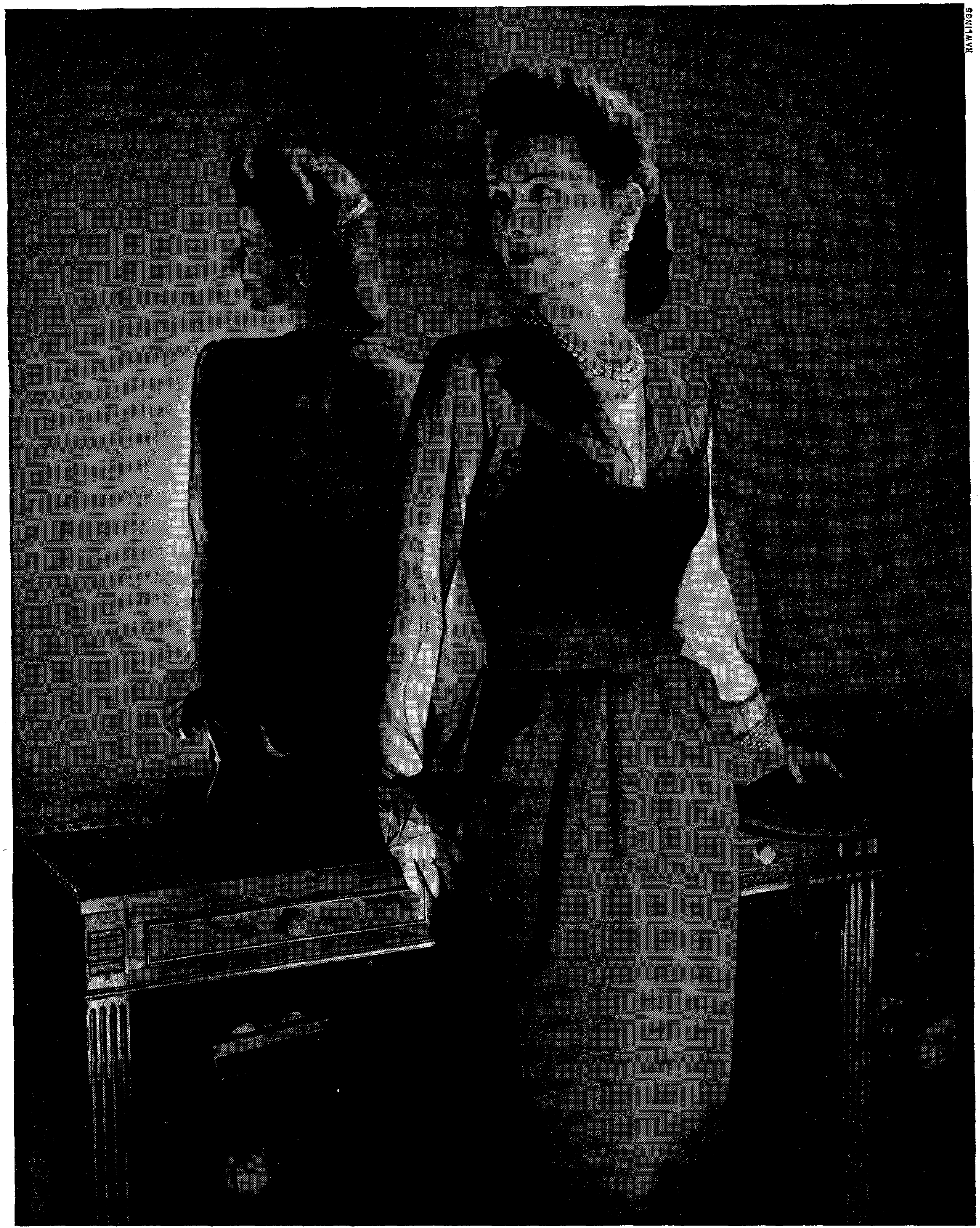
Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room, where the music is by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante pointing up a show against a setting of strictly Manhattan palm trees. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 9, April 17, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot, with a small show and Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra, among other entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Russ Smith's orchestra in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Alec Templeton is playing the piano in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour, and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra plays there all evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a new one you may have heard about, with Claude Alphand, Sylvia Marlowe, and Brenda Forbes heading the show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Libby Holman to listen to and the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske is offering his special brand of humor in this large and lavish place, where you'll also find Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Jayne Manners and George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Arab might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some other entertainers. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a show headed by Frank Sinatra, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band, against a background of pink ruffles. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced on Tues., April 20, by Barry Winton's. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): the present show, with Diosa Costello, will be replaced on Mon., April 19, by a new one headed by Carmen Amaya; Machito's rumba band will stay on. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a modest little place, with Bill Davison's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstract—Seventh annual show of the American Abstract Artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Georges Braque, Salvador Dali, Paul Klee, and other moderns showing two paintings apiece—one early, the other recent. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Darrel Austin—Retrospective show of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

Braque and Picasso—Fourteen paintings by two famous moderns: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—Originals of War Bond posters by twenty-nine artists, including Reginald Marsh, Thomas Hart Benton, and Alexander Brook (through April 30); also, the twelfth biennial water-color exhibition (through May 23). Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

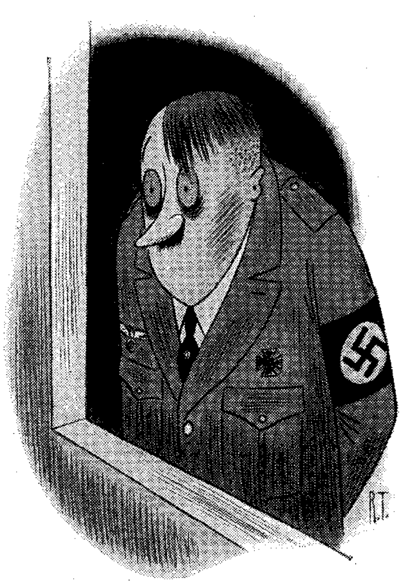
Salvador Dali—Fourteen portraits and some drawings by this energetic fellow: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5.

Jesús Guerrero Galván—Recent oil paintings by a contemporary Mexican artist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: spring exhibition of paintings by artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Fredric Taubes, Marguerite Zorach, Isabel Bate, Franc Epping, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: paintings and sculptures by Amedée Ozenfant, Franz Rederer, Maxim Kopf, and others in a group called New Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: works in various media by this gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Hesketh—Sculptures in plastics, wood, and marble: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Augustus John—A selection of oils and drawings by this British artist: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.



Oskar Kokoschka—A showing of his oils, lithographs, drawings, and water colors: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Ernest Lawson—Paintings by an American Impressionist, done between 1889 and 1938: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Jacques Lipchitz—Recent sculptures and the studies made for them: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.

Luigi Lucioni—A naturalistic artist shows his latest oils: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A loan collection of a hundred oils, water colors, and gouaches by contemporary artists (through April 27); also, prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Piet Mondrian and Maria—New paintings by the first; sculptures of South American subjects by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 9.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Walter Quirt—An American surrealist shows some of his latest paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Kurt Seligmann—Paintings and drawings by another surrealist: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

David Smith—One of the younger abstractionists shows recent sculptures and drawings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Chaim Soutine—First New York showing in some years by the foremost European Expressionist: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Saul Steinberg—Colored drawings and gouaches; also, paintings and a mural by Constantin Nivola: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Thirty Years Ago—Paintings by the leaders of modern art of that time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

John Whorf—New water colors of the sea and land: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Women—Fifty-first annual of the National Association of Women Artists: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

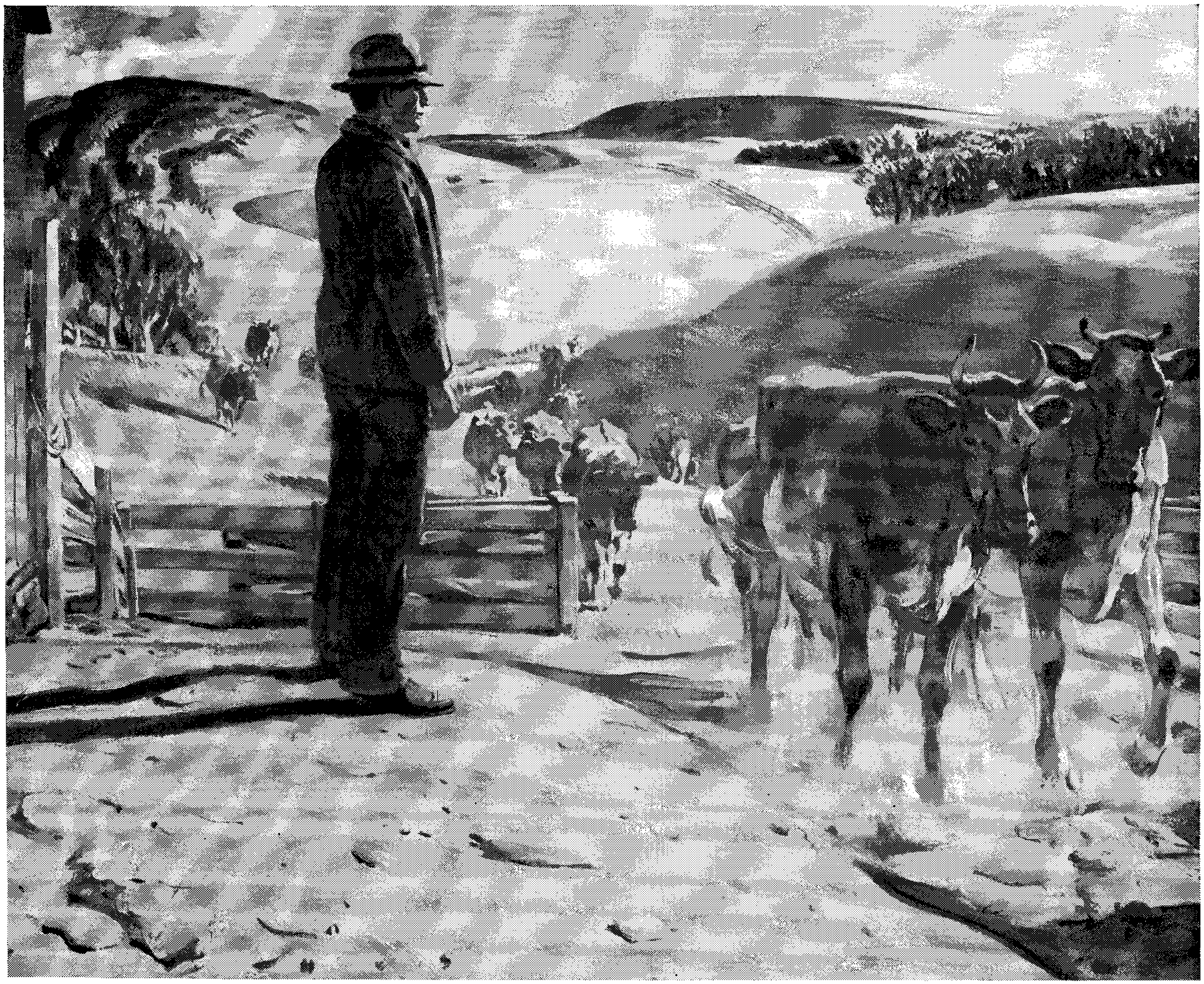
Here and There—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Joseph DeMartini. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **A.C.A.,** 26 W. 8: oils and gouaches by Philip Reisman. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: drawings by Minna Citron. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent landscapes and figure paintings by John Koch. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Maurice Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: first one-man show by Molla. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **SCHONEMAN,** 73 E. 57: works by Emilio Grau-Sala. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: pastels and paintings by Stephen Csoka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **ARTISTS',** 43 W. 55: oils by Lucy Hourdebaigt. Weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Mon., April 19. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: landscapes and nudes by Eugene Paul Ullman. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **IRANIAN INSTITUTE,** 9 E. 89: loan show of Persian, Chinese, and Indian art. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 8. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 53 E. 57: drawings by Louise Nevelson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with the Westminster Choir and soloists, in the orchestra's final concerts of the season: Thurs., April 15, at 6:30 P.M.; Fri., April 16, at 1:30 P.M.; Sun.,



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The General reviews his troops

There are no bands, no bunting. His field uniform is faded from work and weather. His ambling army is all out of step. . . . *But this veteran dairy farmer ranks high in America's military strategy!*

Men must eat before they can fight. Nations must have food with their freedom. And nature's best balanced food is *milk.*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 18, at 3 P.M. . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 17, at 11 A.M.

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Rudolf Serkin and others: Town Hall, Fri., April 16, at 8:45 P.M.

RECITALS

TOWN HALL—Bach Circle of New York, with Ralph Kirkpatrick and others, Mon., April 19, at 8:45 P.M.; Alexander Borovsky, Wed., April 21, at 8:40 P.M.

CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL—Margaret Speaks, Felix Salmond, and others, a Soldiers and Sailors Club benefit, Fri., April 16, at 8:30 P.M.; Robert Goldsand, Wed., April 21, at 8:30 P.M.

KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM—Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin, Sun., April 18, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat., April 17, at 2 P.M.; "Parsifal," Wed., April 21, at 7:15 P.M., and Fri., April 23, at 1 P.M.; "La Traviata," Sat., April 24, at 2 P.M.; "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Dance of the Hours," and "Pagliacci," Sat., April 24, at 8 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Opening of the regular season—**EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Wed. and Thurs., April 21-22, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat., April 24, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Wed. and Thurs., April 21-22, at 3 P.M., and Sat., April 24, at 2:30 P.M.

Exhibition games—**EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Montreal, Thurs., April 15, at 3 P.M., and Dodgers vs. Yankees, Sat. and Sun., April 17-18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Giants, Thurs., April 15, at 3 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Washington, Sat., April 17, at 2:30 P.M. and Sun., April 18, at 3 P.M.

CREW—Columbia vs. Navy, Harlem River (Polo Grounds to Dyckman St.), Sat., April 24, starting time to be announced.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:10 P.M.; through May 8. (Wood Memorial, April 17; Excelsior Handicap, April 24.) Trains will leave Penn Station frequently between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. each day.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.

WARTIME EXHIBITION—A collection, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas: Chrysler Bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through May 15.

BENEFIT—A loan show of furniture, silver, ceramics, pewter, brass, and historical documents of the Peter Stuyvesant period; also, paintings, sculptures, and etchings by Peggy Bacon, Alexander Brook, Gertrude V. Whitney, and others; for the Dutch, British, and American merchant marines: St. Marks in-the-Bouwerie, 2 Ave. at 10. Daily 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sun., April 18.

PHOTOGRAPHY—More than eight hundred entries in the Press Photographers' annual exhibit of noteworthy camera shots of the year, mostly of metropolitan scenes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 2.

PATENT MODELS—An exhibition of working models of trolley cars, printing presses, looms, and all sorts of gadgets registered with the United States Patent Office during the last century: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

ENGLISH CARICATURES—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

ON THE AIR—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., April 16, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 17 and 24, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., April 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, John Brownlee, and Ezio Pinza, Sat., April 17; "La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 24; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Racing: Wood Memorial, Sat., April 17; Excelsior Handicap, Sat., April 24; at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., April 16 and 23, and Sat., April 17, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Aubusson tapestries, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Italian furniture, Oriental rugs, and decorative objects, from the collections of the late James Speyer, Mrs. Eileen Allen, and others: Sat., April 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare French, Russian, Italian, German, Spanish, and Hebrew books, and autograph letters and manuscripts, from the libraries of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond, A. Hourvitch, David Frankel, and others: Mon., April 19, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Rare prints by such artists as Rembrandt, Whistler, and Haden, from the collections of the late Richard J. Scoles, Mrs. S. Parkes Cadman, and others: Fri., April 16, at 8 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

AIR FORCE—A story, with no nonsense, about action in the Pacific in December, 1941. A Flying Fortress plays the major rôle and John Garfield a minor one. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Tues., April 20.)

CASABLANCA—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower North Africa. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., April 17. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., April 19. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., April 18-20. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., April 21-24. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., April 21.)

DESERT VICTORY—A great British documentary, showing the pursuit of Rommel across a good portion of Africa. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Norwegians vs. Germans on an occasionally titanic scale. With Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and so on. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—Errol Flynn takes the part of James J. Corbett, and looks like him, too. Alan Hale, Alexis Smith, and William Frawley are in the supporting cast. Fine for fight fans. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 16.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny in Bucks County, facing the hazards of a country estate. With Ann Sheridan. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 21-23.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Fancy guesswork as to what may have happened when Heydrich the Hangman was assassinated in Czechoslovakia. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE HEART OF A NATION—French picture about three or four generations of a French family. Nice and French. The cast includes Raimu, Michèle Morgan, and Louis Jouvet. (Abbey, B'way at 51; through Wed., April 21.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—William Saroyan's disregard of form turns out very nicely in the movies, although his heavy optimism doesn't always. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—A British patrol gets lost in the Libyan Desert, and it's touch and go. There's also a romance that you don't have to pay much attention to. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., April 20-21. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 21-22.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward's well-executed biography of a British destroyer. The acting is especially fine, although you may not know many of the cast. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 17-20.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR—Spooky enough adaptation by Orson Welles, and with Orson Welles, of Eric Ambler's novel about spies in the Near East. Also with Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., April 17-20.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—John Steinbeck's play about a Norwegian town under the Germans, with improvements by Nunnally Johnson. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68, and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., April 17-20.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—A peaceful family is very nearly disrupted by one mysterious uncle. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., April 16-18. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., April 17-19. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., April 20-22.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Bob Hope happens to be a foreign correspondent in this one, but he's still mainly Hope. Dorothy Lamour tags along. (Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Tues., April 20.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the war. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 16.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., April 18-19.)

COURRIER DE LYON (1938)—Eighteenth-century highway robbery. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 15.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 15.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 16.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck as a heartless siren and Henry Fonda as a millionaire boob. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 16.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., April 16-19.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy. Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 16.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., April 16-17.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., April 16-19.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 20-21.)

SAN FRANCISCO (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and the earthquake. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Fri., April 16.)

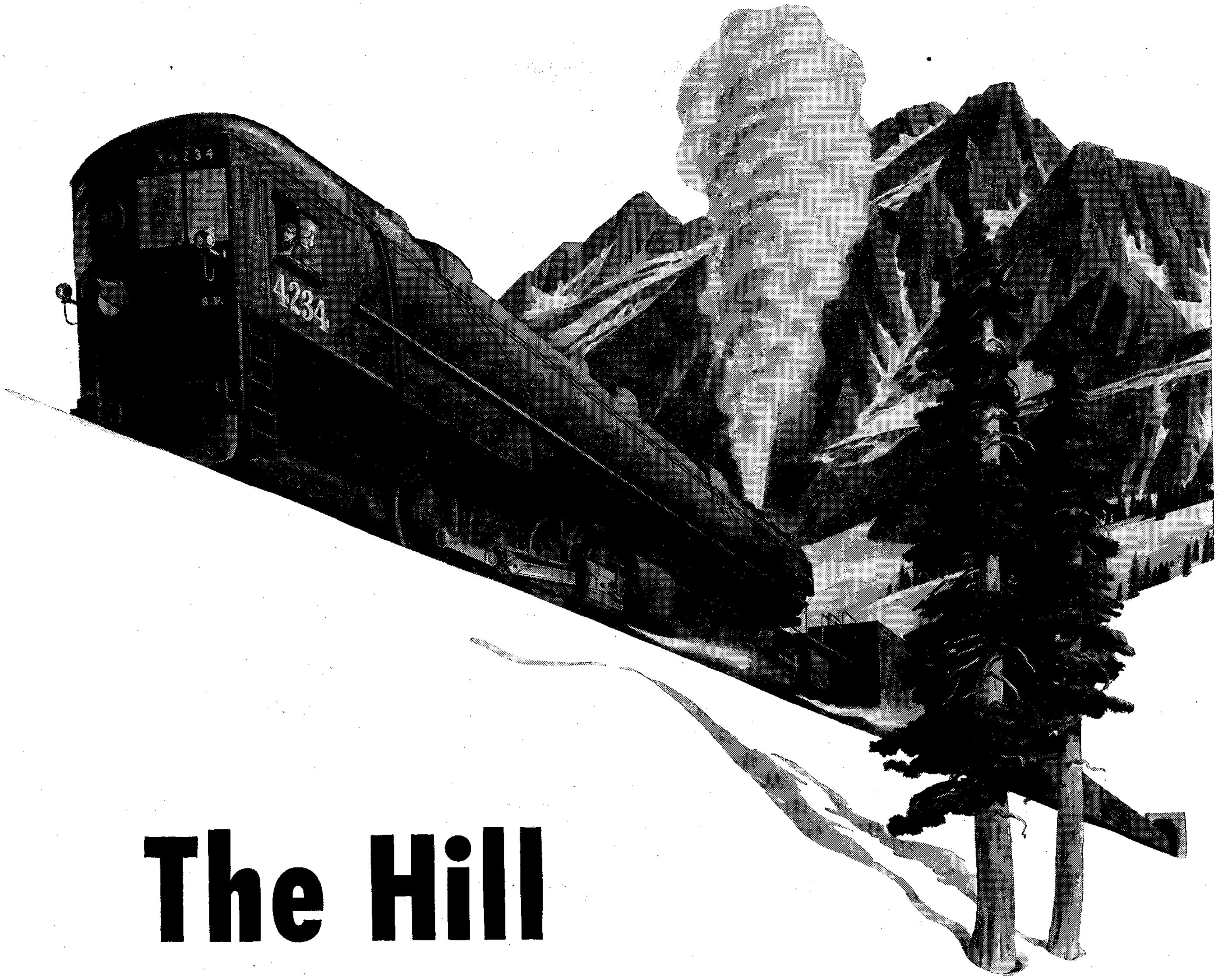
THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., April 21-23.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 20-21.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 18-19.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., April 17-20.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., APRIL 15**: "Bombshell" (1933), Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 16-17**: "It Happened One Night" (1934), Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable. **SUN. AND MON., APRIL 18-19**: "The Thin Man" (1934), Myrna Loy, William Powell. **TUES. AND WED., APRIL 20-21**: "Chapayev" (1934), in Russian. **THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 22-23**: "David Harum" (1934), Will Rogers. **SAT., APRIL 24**: animated cartoons in color, 1935-41.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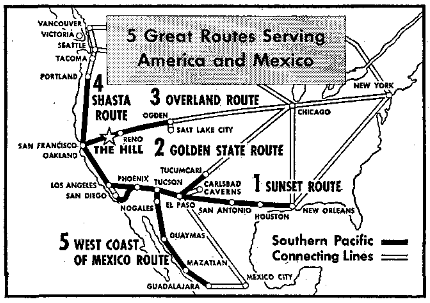
If you've ever been routed out of a warm bed to help man a work train or a rotary snow plow, you know why being a railroad man is a lot like being in the army. Every one of us is on call 24 hours a day to keep 'em rolling.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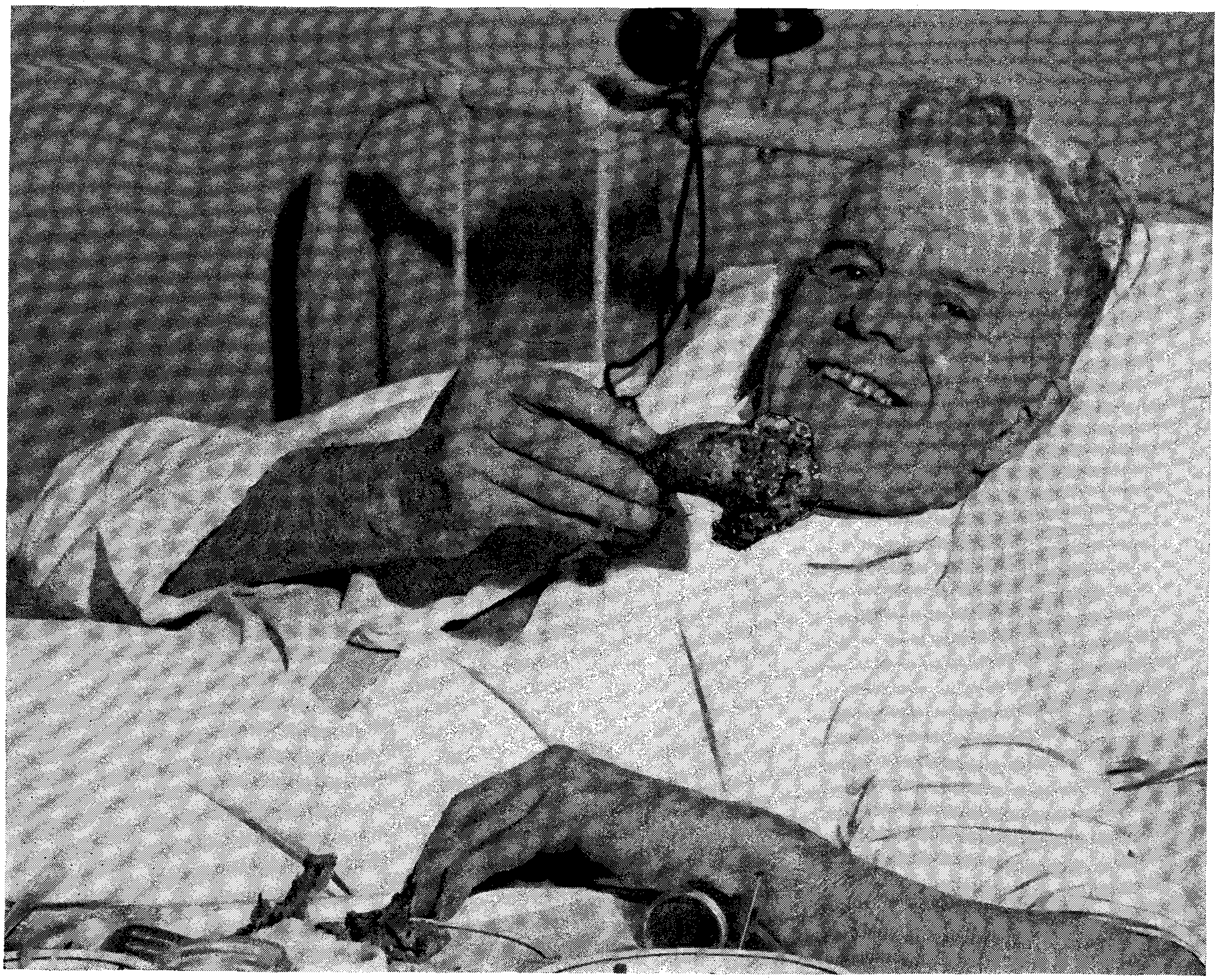

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

MARTIN BERG is eating pheasant. For him and the 600 other disabled men at the U. S. Veteran's Hospital in Minneapolis, a lavish dinner of pheasant is an annual event.

Host at this feast is Ed Shave, outdoor editor of The Minneapolis Star Journal and Tribune. More than 50 Minnesota sportsmen's clubs supply Ed every year with 750 pheasants to feed these war veterans.

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THE MAN EVERYBODY KNOWS

Doing this annual good turn is just a little job for Ed Shave. Most of his time is spent traveling through Minnesota and adjoining states, writing his daily outdoor column for The Minneapolis Star Journal and Tribune and speaking to sportsmen's clubs, conservation groups and Chambers of Commerce. Ed makes around 160 of these talks a year. Result: no man in all Minnesota is known to more people by his first name. Whenever anybody wants to know anything about hunting or fishing or vacationing among Minnesota's famous lakes and forests, Ed's the man who gets the question and knows the answer.

ED'S FAVORITE JOB

But of all the neighborly jobs Ed Shave does, staging this annual pheasant dinner is the one he enjoys most. It's the kind of thing that has won for him and for his newspaper the personal confidence and respect of readers all over the state. The kind of thing that helps make a newspaper great.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

In every department of The Minneapolis Star Journal and Tribune, there are men and women like Ed Shave—outstanding newspaper people who inject into their work a *human* quality.

That is why, in and around Minnesota, people feel a little closer to The Minneapolis Star Journal and Tribune than most Americans feel to their daily newspapers. Their confidence in the completeness and accuracy of its news coverage and their respect for its decade-ahead editing are coupled with a deep, abiding affection for this newspaper as a neighbor and a friend.

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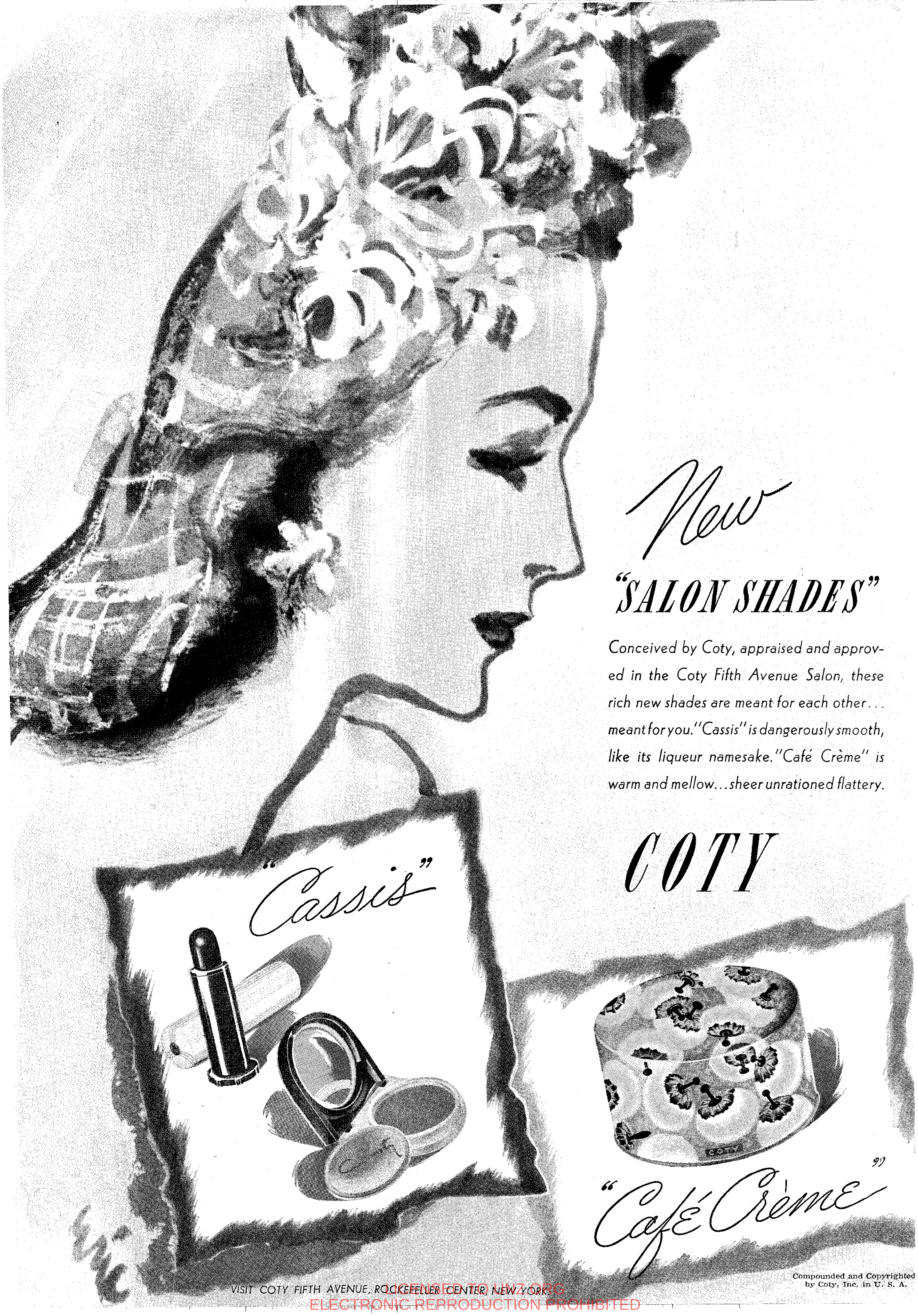

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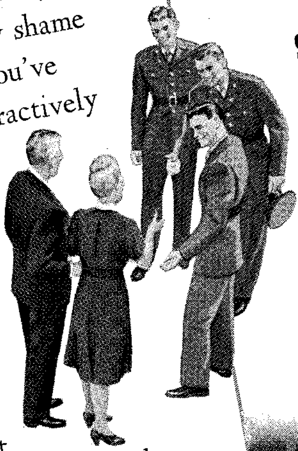
Laura Lee Burroughs



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THE NEW YORKER

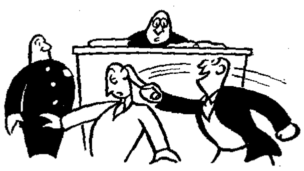
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME senators expressed deep concern the other day over the fact that college freshmen were weak in American history, as revealed by the *Times* quiz. The ignorance of these young people, said the senators, is deplorable and steps must be taken. For our part, we began to wonder whether the lawmakers were any good at history, either, and we have accordingly prepared our own quiz to test them. Every responsible person, we feel, should know the answers to these questions. Score ten for every one you get right. The correct answers will be found on page 61 of this issue, or, in somewhat extended form, in that indispensable little history book called "A Democratic Manifesto," by Emery Reves, which every senator should carry in his hip pocket. Senators who get a mark lower than 80 on this quiz should surrender their seats.

1. What international law or laws did the totalitarian rulers violate in Austria, Spain, Manchuria, Ethiopia?
2. What is the most powerful religion of the twentieth century?
3. On what did the dictators firmly rely when they were making their plans?
4. What did the Spaniards, Austrians, and Ethiopians tell the British and the French before the war? What did the British and the French tell the people of the United States? What did the Czechs tell the Poles, the Poles tell the Norwegians, the Greeks tell the Yugoslavs, the Yugoslavs tell the Turks?
5. What is diplomacy?
6. What doctrine has caused the most hell among nations?
7. Which is the more discouraging—the conquest and enslavement of millions of people by Fascists and Nazis or the feeling among civilized nations that such goings on did not immediately concern them?
8. What did Sumner Welles tell the representatives of twenty-one South American republics in Rio de Janeiro on January 15, 1942, and was he right?
9. What is law useless without?
10. When will peace on earth start? Name the day.

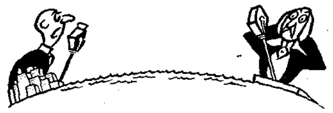
SOMEHOW, we can't get terribly worried about H. G. Wells' latest prediction, that the newspaper is on its way to becoming extinct and will be replaced by the radio and the telephone. What Mr. Wells has done, no doubt, is to think narrowly of the newspaper as a news medium and nothing more. He forgets that it has a number of subsidiary but nevertheless lively functions. For example, a witness in a recent murder trial here showed the court how a man could be killed with a tightly rolled-up newspaper. He indignantly rejected a copy of the *Times* offered him, by the way. "It only works with a *News* or *Mirror*," he said, obviously a craftsman choosy about his tools. Then, we learn that in the Southwest Pacific the natives are very fond of newspapers, which make, in their opinion, excellent cigarette wrappers. At the same time they detest slick-paper magazines, which don't. On the basis of such functions as these, which are myriad, we would say that the newspaper has an assured place in the future. Now, if Wells had prophesied the doom of the slick-paper magazine, we admit he might have had a case.



WE have just completed a short chapter for a novel we may write someday about a couple of young people, both proletarian. These characters are a rather intellectual punch-press operator and his wife. In the chapter we have written they are about to bust up. As it comes to a climax, the two of them are prowling around a cluttered room. The husband is prowling forward, the wife is prowling backward. She says resentfully, "You got a funny way of looking at me." The husband replies huskily, in a measured monotone, "That's like saying somebody has a funny way of saying Albert Halper. There's just one way to say it, and that's funny." We have about a hundred of these fragments of novels tucked away around our office, but we're just too busy to fill them out.

THE GOVERNMENT THINKS OF EVERYTHING NOTE: Owing to the meat shortage, Hollywood producers of Westerns have been requested to omit scenes of stampeding cattle.

THE radio program called "America's Town Meeting of the Air" has just advanced culture one more step by introducing transatlantic heckling, whereby a speaker in London can be heckled by an audience sitting in Town Hall, or vice versa. The only possible comment we could make on this triumph of technology was already made for us almost a hundred years ago by a sharp-tongued citizen named Henry David Thoreau, who wrote in "Walden":



> Our inventions are wont to be pretty toys, which distract our attention from serious things. They are but improved means to an unimproved end, an end which it was already but too easy to arrive at; as railroads lead to Boston or New York. We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas it may be, have nothing important to communicate. Either is in such a predicament as the man who was earnest to be introduced to a distinguished deaf woman, but when he was presented,

and one end of her ear trumpet was put into his hand, had nothing to say.

Ever since Town Hall was constructed, there has been talk of filling the two empty niches in the façade of the building with some suitable statuary. We would propose filling one immediately with a larger-than-life statue of Henry Thoreau. The other might very well be left vacant for the man who succeeds in producing the first transatlantic coughing spell.

The American Way

We arrived at the Board of Estimate chamber at City Hall fifteen minutes before the start of an afternoon session of public hearings on the new budget last week and found the room crowded with citizens who apparently suspected injury or wrong. They sat on twenty-one benches or stood on a dais at one end of the room, aggressively facing a railed-off portion containing desks and chairs, obviously intended for the B. of E., which had not yet appeared. We were told by one of the numerous cops about that the dais was for listeners (or catcallers) and seats on the benches were reserved for those who were scheduled to present their viewpoints that afternoon. We took a seat and asked the nearest citizen the reason for his presence. We learned that he was Laurence McGuire, president from 1914 to 1919 of the Real Estate Board of New York, on hand to aid younger members of that organization should anything turn up that they could not reply to and to present his views on assessments. "I want to point out that the tax rate is not the important factor as to real estate," he said. "It's the over-assessment. Real estate would not object seriously to a 2.95-per-cent tax rate on equitable, fair, and legal assessments." Beside him was a fortyish chap with red hair, Mr. Floyd I. Silk, who represented the Army & Navy Union, U.S.A., an organization sixty-five years old, which feared for its usual $450 Memorial Day appropriation for grave decoration and so on. "I haven't been able to see a copy of the budget yet, but I believe we've been completely cut out," Mr. Silk said.

Right on time, 2:30 P.M., the Board of Estimate, eight strong, with Deputy Mayor McGahen present for Mayor LaGuardia, filed in and sat down. President of the Council Newbold Morris, wearing a gray suit and a worried smile, presided. The first speaker from the benches was Walter Hoving, acting as chairman of the Committee to Balance the Budget Through Sensible Economies. He proposed a recess until Mayor LaGuardia arrived. He was reminded by President Morris that, not being a member of the B. of E., he had no right so to propose, whereupon Borough President Lyons, a member, proposed it for him, but the motion was defeated on the ground that it was not sensible, an event which Mr. Hoving seemed prepared for. He then, for his committee, offered the city $50,000, with no strings attached, to be used in studying tax problems, an overture resented as gratuitous by Morris, who said the city has a Budget Bureau that works twelve months a year. Mr. Hoving sat down. He was followed by a man named Middleton, a representative of the Citizens Budget Commission, who suggested that there seemed to be nothing in the budget about the $6,000,000 which he expected the city to save on the salaries of employees inducted into the armed services this year.

Another speaker was Mr. Russell V. Cruickshank, president of the Real Estate Board of New York, who began, "New York real estate is in a perilous condition" and wound up by provoking a response from President Morris, who said that certain city budget items were fixed and that the city could very well use Mr. Hoving's $50,000 to hire four badly needed stenographers in the Department of Markets for whom there was no budgetary provision. "You don't mean those stenographers get twelve thousand five hundred a year?" said Borough President Lyons and Mr. Cruickshank together. "Oh, no," said Morris. "I meant that among other things we could do with the fifty thousand dollars would be to hire them." After an hour more of this, during which the administration showed every sign of holding its lines, we departed. Among the taxpayers yet to be heard when we left was Mr. Silk, doggedly sitting on the edge of his bench.

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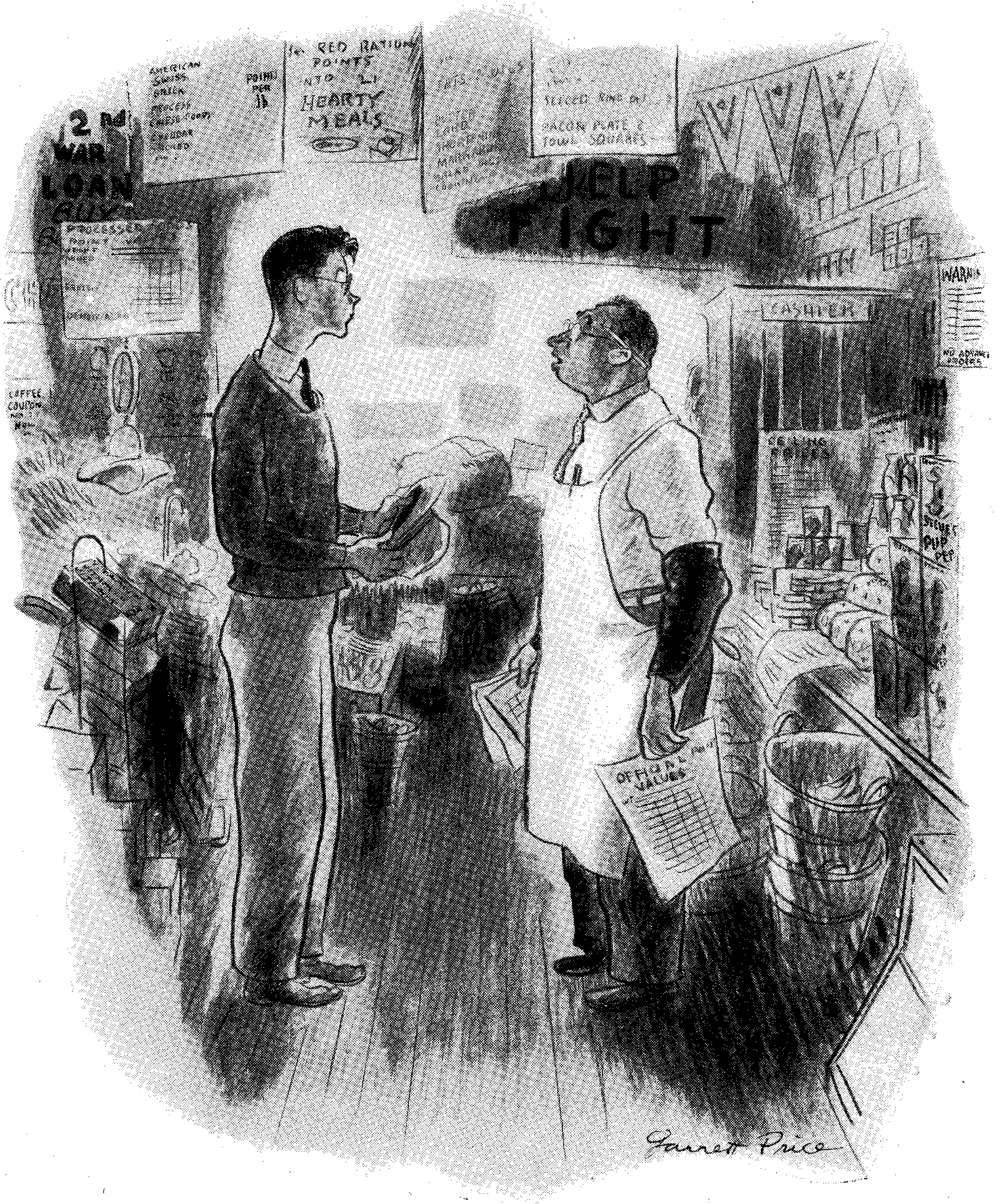
Conversational fragment, picked up somewhere in the dimout: "Well, what *I* think the trouble was, she didn't know him well enough when she went to live with him."

Villa

As part of our quiet, efficient dinner-conversation-topic service, we present this week some salient facts about José Garcia Villa, a very happy poet. With good notices to look back upon ("Superbly momentous"—Raymond Weaver; "A poet of instinctive genius"—Peter Monro Jack), with his first volume of poetry, "Have Come, Am Here," in its second edition (a phenomenon in poetry circles, according to Viking Press, who published it), and now with a brand-new Guggenheim fellowship in his left-hand pocket, he can face the future with even more than his accustomed self-confidence. Villa is a slender, long-faced Filipino lad in his early twenties, wholesomely absorbed in himself, as a poet should be, and neither his book's success nor the Guggenheim award surprised him in the slightest. "I know positively that I am a major poet and a genius," he told us. "If I stopped knowing that, I would have to stop writing." The things about Villa's poetry that have especially attracted the attention of the critics are his uninhibited idiom ("Days of my youth call my amaze," for example), his irregular rhythms, and something he terms "reverse consonance." Reverse consonance, as we understand it, enables the poet to rhyme the last letter of one word with the first of another and at the same time rhyme the first letter of the first word with the last letter of the second. Thus a rhyme for "near" would be "run," or "rain," Villa said. "You take Wilfred Owen," said Villa. "He started the consonance bug, rhyming 'love' with 'leave,' say. Well, now, take any second-rate poet today, like Spender, Auden, and so on—they're still rhyming 'love' and 'leave,' the way third-rate poets are rhyming 'love' and 'dove.' "

As you'd gather from his conversation, Villa is thoroughly Americanized. "I might as well not be a Filipino at all—I write, I eat, I sleep, I dream, I brush my teeth all in English," he says. The explanation is that he is the son of a leader in the 1896 revolution against Spain, and his old man just stayed mad at everything Spanish, including the language. Villa was sent to this country twelve years ago, with instructions to pursue, eventually, a premedical course and acquire an M.D. He went to live with some cousins in Albuquerque, attending high school there and later the University of New Mexico. During his sophomore year, he informed us, he suddenly realized, while puttering about in the biology laboratory, that he could never be a doctor. "There is one thing a true poet can *not* do, and that is tickle frogs," he said, and we couldn't honestly disagree with him. He unostentatiously switched over to the study of English literature and composition. The elder Villa cut down heavily on his allowance when he heard about this, but José managed to graduate and go to Columbia, where he is now working for his M.A. No money at all has come through from the Philippines since we got into the war, and until recently he was supporting himself largely by setting tables in a Columbia dining hall. Last summer he went down to Washington to see President Quezon, who got him a temporary job as a press-relations man for the Philippine government. Villa considers this a handsome gesture, since his father is the leader of the opposing political party and has just about devoted his life to making Quezon miserable. As for his family back in Manila, Villa isn't worried, even though he hears nothing from them. "They're all right," he said. "My father wouldn't stand for anything else."

Villa paints, too, but shows his paintings only to e. e. cummings. cummings, as a matter of fact, is Villa's close friend and the modern poet whose work he most admires. It was Mark Van Doren, however, who told Villa that he was ready for publication. "I had not thought so until then," Villa said. "A great poet does not need to be in a hurry." He is not going to retire to Bucks County on his fellowship but will continue working away on his second masterpiece in the rooming house where he now lives, on West 115th Street. Villa has not very many friends in town but says that he is in love with a girl who has long, blond hair and is, fortunately, not very bright (his words). "But of *course* I'm in love," he added expansively. "Didn't Elliot Paul, in the *Herald Tribune*, say that my book is full of some of the most erotic poems in years?"



"Never mind your previous experience. How's your math?"

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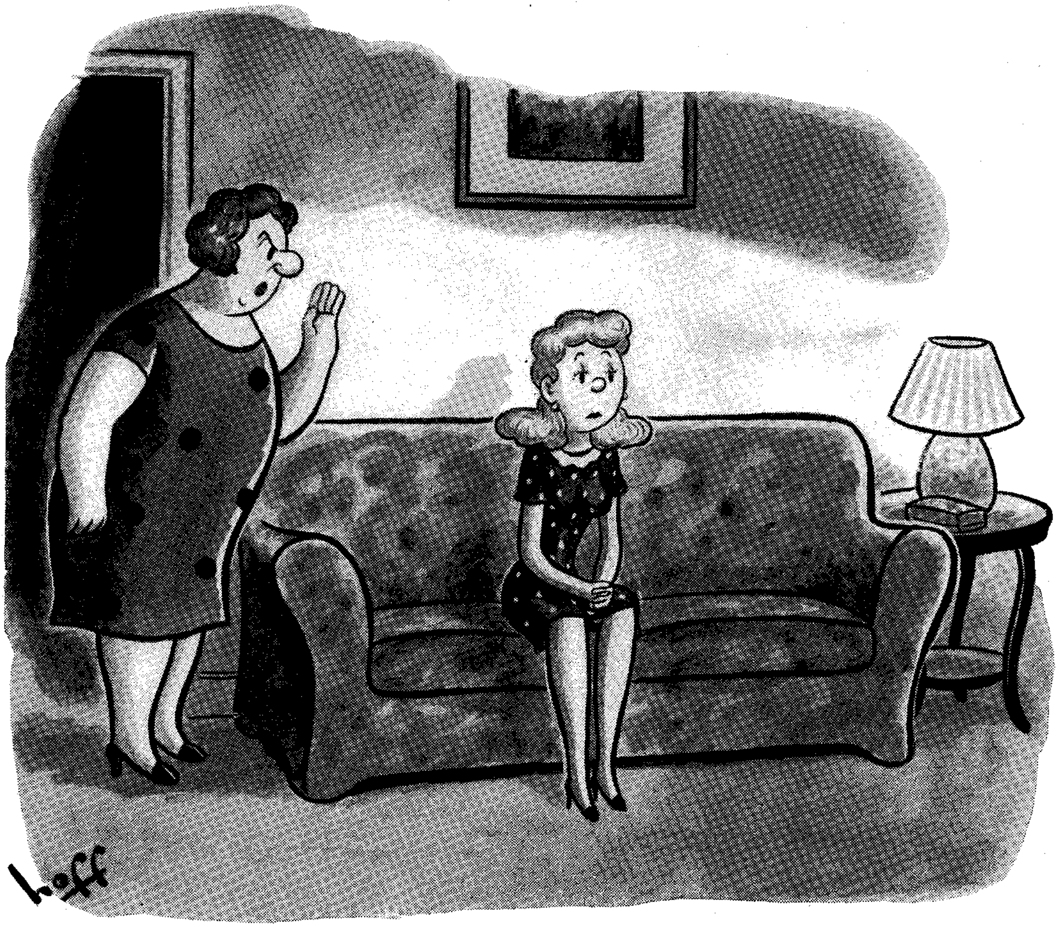
Hardship

THE high point of the manpower shortage occurred, as far as we're concerned, when an improvident householder in Boston received a printed card from the Jordan Marsh Company, a big department store there, with which he has a charge account. This card, which we have in our possession and intend to put in the cornerstone of the new New Yorker Building, is headed "THANK YOU" and continues, apparently with a dead pan, "Thank you for being indulgent when your bill is late. Within a very short time our bills will be mailed promptly the first of each month; in the meantime, will you please bear with us?"

Location

THE Brooklyn Dodgers, naturally, were the boys chosen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when it decided to build its next story for one Red Skelton, a comedian, around a major-league baseball team, and as a consequence Ebbets Field is location for a crew from Hollywood every morning these days, and part of every afternoon. Hurrying out there last week to get a load of the project, we heard, as we approached the park from the B.-M.T., a very modulated roar from inside, as though the summer's crowds were already in there tuning up.

This sound, it turned out, was issuing from a band of extras who were occupying the section of seats behind home plate. Our entrance into the stands was just like the funny papers, for we walked



"If you just used your eyes you'd see plenty men!"

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right into the movie and had to dive for a seat in order not to mess up a scene. We could have collected $10.50 a day, we later learned, if we'd been formally engaged. Glancing around us when the emergency was over, we noticed that even the two or three cops who were standing around had a phony look. We went down on the field and singled out an idle M-G-M man, who gave us some dope on the scenario. The idea is that the hero goes to Ebbets Field in order to warn a certain public official who is at the ball game that a bunch of gangsters are out to get him. The Dodgers are playing an exhibition game with a team called the Battling Beavers. Complications develop. "The Beavers are the fellows you see with beards," the M-G-M man told us. (We saw them.) "It's a sort of gag on the House of David," our informant said. "The Beavers are all played by Dodgers who aren't in the picture as Dodgers. You see, Red gets into the park by cutting off the Beaver pitcher's beard and sticking it on himself, so then he's mistaken for this pitcher and he has to get in the game. The shot we're taking now is where he comes up to bat against Bobo Newsom. There they are, over by the plate now." Mr. Skelton, in beard and Beaver uniform, and Mr. Newsom, just in Dodger uniform, were standing in front of a camera, receiving instructions from their director. Also in the group, in addition to Dodgers and Beaver-Dodgers, were a number of men with blue or green sports shirts whose collars protruded bravely from under sweaters, sports jackets, and overcoats. It was not weather M-G-M is accustomed to. We recognized still another member of the group as Leo Durocher, the Brooklyn manager, who at the moment was negotiating with one of the sports-shirted set. "What time do you boys figure on winding up?" he asked. "We've got to get in some hitting practice."

Negotiations were broken off right there by a blast from a whistle, indicating that a "take" was about to be taken. Everybody promptly became quiet, except a carpenter who was doing some hammering way out in one of the left-field boxes. It took a couple more whistles to bring him into line. Then Mr. Skelton and Mr. Newsom went through a bit of business and dialogue that was too involved with plot to make much sense to us. When it had been filmed, Mr. Durocher resumed trying to arrange for batting practice and a press agent came to take us over to meet Mr. Skelton. "This Durocher is a funny guy," Mr. Skelton told us. "We've been calling the ball players Mr. This and Mr. That and he asked us to please cut it out. He says, 'How am I going to handle them if you show them all that respect?' " "How did that go again?" asked the press agent, pulling out a notebook and pencil. Mr. Skelton repeated the anecdote for him and we wandered over and watched batting practice, which Mr. Durocher had succeeded in getting under way. Camilli hit a couple of long ones, we would like to report.

Paradox

FREDRIC MARCH picked up a cab at the stage door of the Plymouth Theatre the other night, and the driver, recognizing him as one of the leading players in "The Skin of Our Teeth," asked how business was. "Oh, fine," Mr. March said blithely. "It's a hit." "Funny," the driver muttered. "I been hacking twenty years, and I never took so many people home after the first act of any other hit."

The Garden-Club Boys

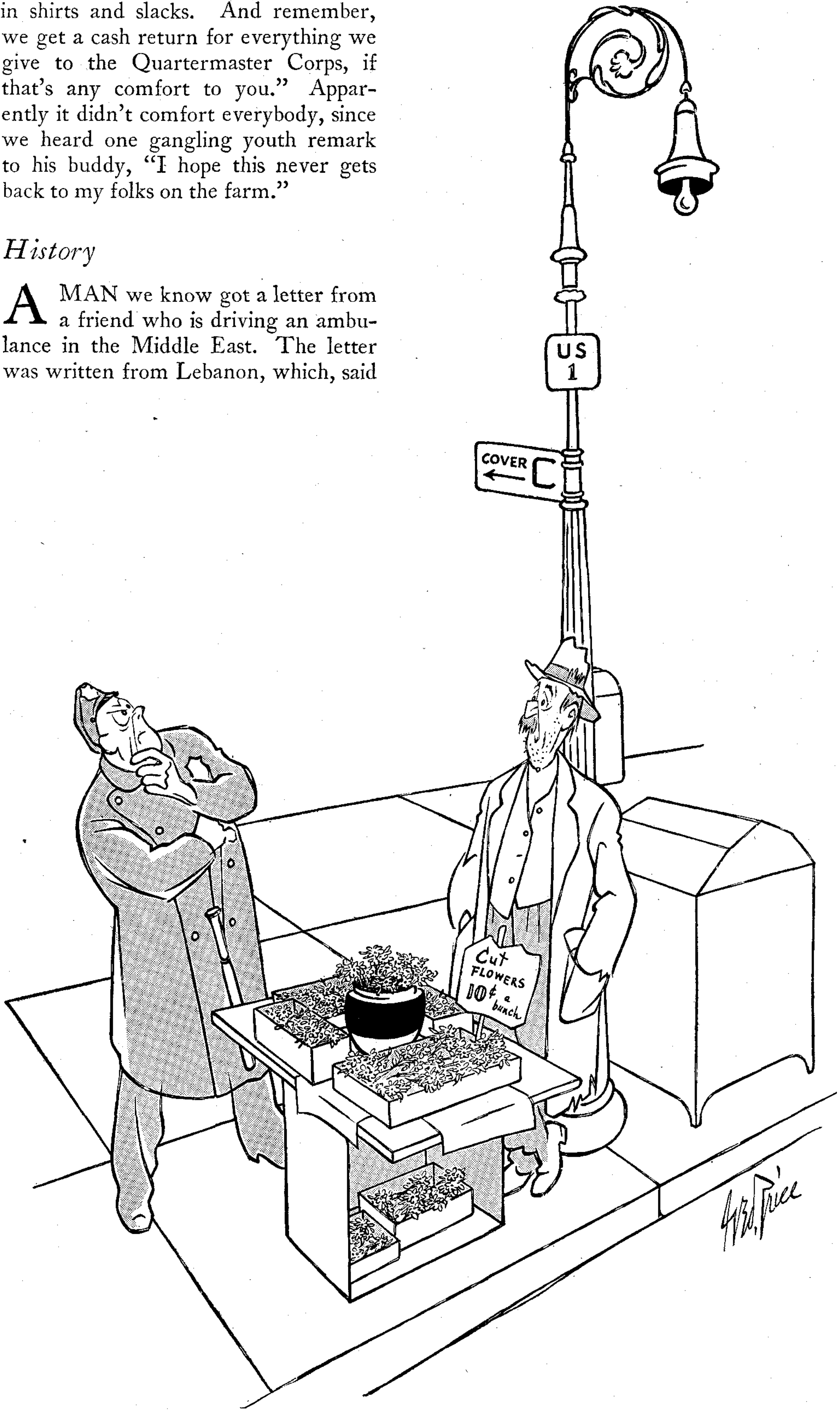
IT is no secret that the personnel of the anti-aircraft units stationed in and about New York are being encouraged to plant Victory gardens this spring. The censors, in fact, have given us permission to be even more explicit and tell you that the official emphasis is on cabbage, beans, and broccoli. Basing our observations on our attendance at the first meeting of a lecture course presented by the staff of the Botanical Garden to a picked body of soldier volunteers, we predict that this venture will be brought to a successful and nourishing conclusion in spite of a possible attempt at a delaying action by cutworms. The lecturer, Mr. T. H. Everett, author of "Backyard Gardens," seemed equally sanguine. "I would like to recommend you to beans," he was telling the soldiers as we tiptoed into the Botanical Garden's auditorium. "Beans you will find no trouble to you at all. Also early lettuce. Also cabbage, and I do not mean only green but red cabbage. You see what great and various pleasures can be had from cultivating your own little gardens. Also may I mention to you most especially broccoli." "He *always* mentions broccoli," whispered a Botanical Garden attaché who happened by chance to be sitting beside us. "I think it's just that he *likes* broccoli."

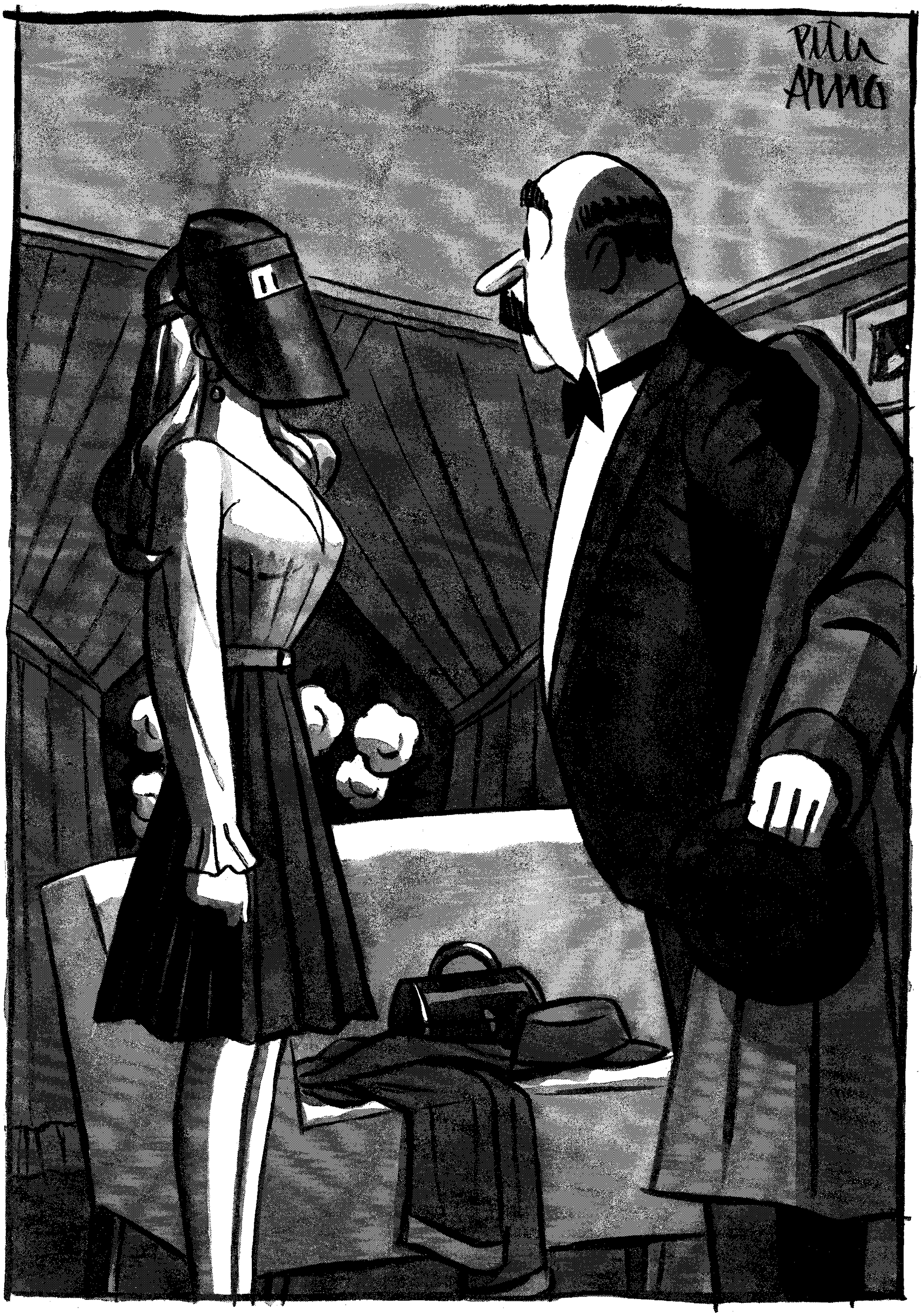
If this is true, it is probably also true that Everett abhors parsnips, for he next told the soldiers, sternly, "I hope you will notice that I do not mention parsnips. Parsnips are not for beginners. I would like you to remember that." A brigadier general sitting near us shifted restlessly and muttered something to a major beside him. "I do not mean that you cannot plant parsnips if you *want* to plant parsnips," Mr. Everett added hastily. "I mean, after all, as I look at it, *anything* is possible to the United States Army." The United States Army gazed at him coolly and he hurriedly went into his question period. A second lieutenant stood up and asked, "How do you treat soil that has only sparse grass growing?" "How sparse?" Everett asked. "Criminally sparse," the second lieutenant snapped. "You will have a lot of trouble," Everett said. The lieutenant sat down, apparently satisfied with Everett's sympathetic viewpoint. Everett then advised a technical sergeant not to worry about stumps in his garden plot but to plant right around them, the way the New England pioneers did. "I shouldn't think the Army would let the early settlers get ahead of them," he added in rather a goading way. A pfc stood up and asked what about filled land. "Well, what is it filled with?" Everett asked. "Jeez, bedsprings, I guess," the pfc said. "You cannot grow parsnips from bedsprings," Everett told him. "A few small squashes, maybe, but not parsnips."

After a ten-minute break, the military joined Mr. Everett out of doors for a demonstration of spading. Everett lectured on spading and two small workmen, one of whom was named Percy, expertly turned up hill after hill of earth. "Now, how about a volunteer?" Everett asked when Percy showed signs of being pooped. Nobody moved until finally the major jovially said to a small, round private, "All right, how about *you*, Crupp?" Crupp seized Percy's spade and did very creditably with a hill. Then the major took one shovel himself and handed the other to a lieutenant, who accepted it without perceptible eagerness. The lieutenant did much worse than the major, and murmured to his superior, "Tell the boys I'm a desk man." "He's a lousy desk man," the major obligingly said to the enlisted men; they laughed comfortably but inconspicuously. "You will all be back here the same day next week at 14:45," the major said to the soldiers, dusting off his pink trousers. "I want to see you in shirts and slacks. And remember, we get a cash return for everything we give to the Quartermaster Corps, if that's any comfort to you." Apparently it didn't comfort everybody, since we heard one gangling youth remark to his buddy, "I hope this never gets back to my folks on the farm."

History

A MAN we know got a letter from a friend who is driving an ambulance in the Middle East. The letter was written from Lebanon, which, said our friend's correspondent, looks rather sad these days because the Biblical cedars of Lebanon are gone—cut down by modern man for his crass industrial and military purposes. At this point the censor, obviously weary of reading about the sins of the British Empire, had added a prim little historical note: "Also cut down by the Phoenicians, Turks, and Romans."





"... so frankly, Mr. Baumgarten, I won't be needing your help from now on."

GEE WHIZ, I'M ONEY A CLOG IN THE WHEEL

I BOARDED the Chief at Los Angeles, and by the time the train pulled into Pasadena I had unpacked my bag and settled down in my compartment for what was always to me a dull and tiresome trip.

The compartment door was open and I was gazing idly into the corridor when suddenly my vision was blocked by a couple of porters who walked past, weighed down with heavy bags. They were followed a moment later by a diminutive figure lost in an enormous polo coat. There was something unmistakable about his posture—the hunched shoulders, the hands dug into the pockets, the head buried in his chest. Without thinking, I exclaimed, "Benny!"

Benny Greenspan had passed my door, but on hearing my voice, he came back and peered in. His face broke into a wide and warm smile. "Well, I'll be chewed up and spit out!" he cried. "Artie! Fa heaven's sakes, don't tell me you and me, we're both Chiefin' it to New Yawk?"

"Yep," I said, "it looks that way."

"Well, well," he said, "I'm certainey supprised aw right. Still at the same time," he added, playfully poking my chest with his tiny fist, "I kinda figgered there'd be somebody on the train I could knock off in gin rummy they should pay my petty expenses, so it might as well be you, Artie. Right now my compartment is all clustered up with lotsa luggage and what not. Waddeya say, supposin' you come around in a liddle while? I got a nice bottle Scotch with me and we can sit down and get some of the dust we're gonna get fomm this here trip outa our systems. O.K., Artie?"

"O.K., Benny," I said.

THE porter placed two glasses containing ice on the table he had set up in Benny's compartment and opened a bottle of carbonated water. "Here, son," said Benny. He tipped the porter and waved him out. Benny then poured a generous portion of Scotch into each glass and added soda. "Well, kid," he said, holding his glass aloft, "here's wishin' my client, Barry Andrews, all the hard luck in the world. Leave us hope it should be nothin' trivial."

"Barry Andrews?" I mulled the name over in my mind. "Say, isn't he the actor who made such a big hit last year in 'Marines Are Men'?"

"Yeah," Benny said, "that's the stinker, aw right. Frankly, Artie, he's the reason I'm takin' this here trip to New Yawk. Yes, sir, all on account of that cracked pot I'm right now a fugitive fomm a Hollywood gold mine, namely the agency business."

"Seems to me there was an item about him in the *Daily Variety* only the other day," I said. "Something about his being suspended."

"Suspended!" Benny snorted. "Listen, he's been suspended so much, that guy, he's even beginnin' to look like a bridge! Aah, but there's more important things in this here world than I should waste my breath thinkin' about Mr. Barry Andrews."

"You sound bitter," I said.

"Look, you'd sound bitter too if you went through the spaces he put me through. Artie, I beat my brains out and I finey wind up gettin' him a long-term contrack with Regal Pickchas. Now, you'd think he'd be satisfied and contented with the money rollin' in evvey week regella like clockwork. But oh, no! All that guy will do ever since I got him pacted, he simply will not work. He just refuses he should get up there and face the camera."

"Why?" I asked.

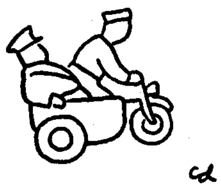
"Why?" Benny stared at me in surprise. "Because he happens to be a cluck, a lunghead of the first water, a genuwine first-class dope, that's why!" He sighed and shook his head. "Artie, what I been goin' through lately with this character, honestly, if I din know some other flesh-peddler would grab him in a minute I would wipe my hands fomm this hambo so quick I wouldn't know what struck me!"

BENNY leaned forward, pushed aside his glass, and placed his elbows on the table. "Get this, Artie," he said. "About a year, maybe more, ago Barry comes to my awfice, he's gotta see me right away. Well, I happen not to be busy at the time, so I let him see me. Then he starts in yellin' and screamin' how he's dustin' off the industry fa good and he's givin' it back to the Indians. You hear? 'Why should I sit around on my davenport waitin' fa the phone when it never rings?' he yells on me. 'I got more talent to my liddle pinkie than a lotta these clucks on the screen and I'm not gonna sit around and see a fella with my ability go to waste. I'm gettin' the hell outa here.' 'Yeah,' I says to him, 'and go where?' 'First I'll put the kids away in some school or other,' he says, 'and then me and the missus, we'll go brainstormin' around the country in our old vaudeville act. That's what we'll do."

"I let him go on with this line of dribble and finey I says to him, 'Barry, when you're through screamin' and yellin' like some hysterical person who's got somethin' pryin' on their mind, lemme know, because, look, I wanna ast you somethin'. You think I neglected you, that I din give you my personal attention like you deserve? That's where you're wrong, Barry,' I says. 'You haven't excaped my mind the lease bit, because I been goin' over your career here with a fine tooth, and I admit things look pretty tough right now. But before you take any dastrick steps like blowin' this town, I wanna know what your personal setup is. In other words,' I says, 'I want you should be frank and aboveboard in regards how you are situated financially speakin'. I promise you, Barry, I'll keep it strickly under my belt.'

"At first he din wanna talk, but finey it's just like I figgered. The sub and substance of the matter, Artie, is he ain't saved a single cent. He and the wife and the kids are campin' out in some flea bag in the valley and they ain't got what to eat. You hear?

"'Barry,' I says to him, 'lookin' your personal situation over, I would say you are entitled to a gripe, and I ain't kiddin'. Yes, sir, it looks like the industry treated you like you just come fomm some leopard colony or other. But I just wanna say this. Fomm now on conditions are gonna change in regards you, and you know why?' No, he says, he don't know why. 'Because,' I says, 'on account the war. Yes, sir, these leadin' men are gonna find theirselves calmly tapped on the shoulders by Uncle Sam, so what's gonna be your outcome?' I says. 'Simply this. Fellas like yourselves who are married and got a coupla kids, they are gonna be worth their weighth in gold. Before a coupla months go by, Barry, the studios will be knockin' at your door and your phone will be goin' like hot cakes. Just you mock my words.'"



BENNY took a sip of his drink, frowned, then stared intently at his glass in obvious disapproval. "Boy, the liquor you get nowadays! Honestly, Artie, this here Scotch must be musclebound, judgin' there's no kick to it. But none whatsoever!"

"You must've been right," I said.

"Huh?" Benny gaped at me.

"About Barry Andrews getting a job."

"Oh, that was in the bag," he said. "Sure! I give him a few bucks to tie him over and then along comes this here part in 'Marines Are Men.' And you wanna know somethin'? That Barry, he had the crust to turn down his nose at the part. He said he wouldn't touch it on account it's oney a bit. 'They want I should play a corporal,' he says, 'so I figger O.K., I'm gonna stand around and boss a lotta privates. But oh, no! They hand me a part with two sides where all I do, I play with a puppy dog, a bobbed-wire terrier he's the mascot.' 'But Barry,' I says, 'they told me at the castin' awfice, with my very own ears, you got two scenes.' 'Sure,' he says, 'the other scene is where I die. That's a remockable break you're gettin' me, Benny,' he says, very sarcastical. 'I'll betcha I'd be gettin' fan mail fomm undertakin' parlors congrajalatin' me how nice I die.'

"Well, sir, I hadda give him a fast sales talk how he should take this bit and at lease get that pussa his on the screen. 'Look,' I says to him, 'it's easier fa me to get you a job when you're workin' rather than you're at liberty.' Artie, my tonsils were exhausted, I argied so much with him before he'd take the part.

"So what was the result? The result was he pradically stole the pickcha at the preview. I tell you that scene where the puppy dog is lickin' this big lug's face, why it's so natural, so cute, so true to life, it simply hugged away the heartstrings. And later on, when Barry is in a foxhole and he's dyin' on account they got him, I tell you, Artie, there wasn't a dry tear in the house. Listen, when I say that boy was sensational in the pickcha, I'm pannin' him!

"Right away Regal wants Barry, he should sign a contrack. And he woulda signed it, too, oney I made him hold his horses. 'Look, kid,' I says to him, 'they are offerin' you what? Buttons! Nothin' but a spit and a cuppa cawfee! What's your hurry, fa heaven's sakes? Why not wait and do another good freelance job and when we got the studios competin' one another, we can get some real dough.' Boy, I shutter to think what that cluck woulda done without I'm around to advise him.

"Y'see, Artie, I figger this way. A guy with the build of a hog-carrier together with a wife and two kids, like he's got, he's bound to get work these days. And sure enough, when the pickcha is released I'm gettin' calls fa his services galore.

"Well, sir, I'm hooverin' around with Unity, they got him in mind fa a Summerset Morn story. So we're bitin' our time they should finish the scrip' when I get a call, they are shelvin' the pickcha. Artie, you oughta hear the names that stinker Andrews call me all on account why I din let him sign with Regal. Alluva sudden it's my fault Unity disbanded the story! Barry wants I should call up Regal right away, they should renew the deal. And I woulda done it, too, but lucky fa me I get a call fomm Doug Touchock, he's got a war pickcha that's a simply ideal vehicle fa Barry. Maybe you seen it—'Wings Overhead'?"

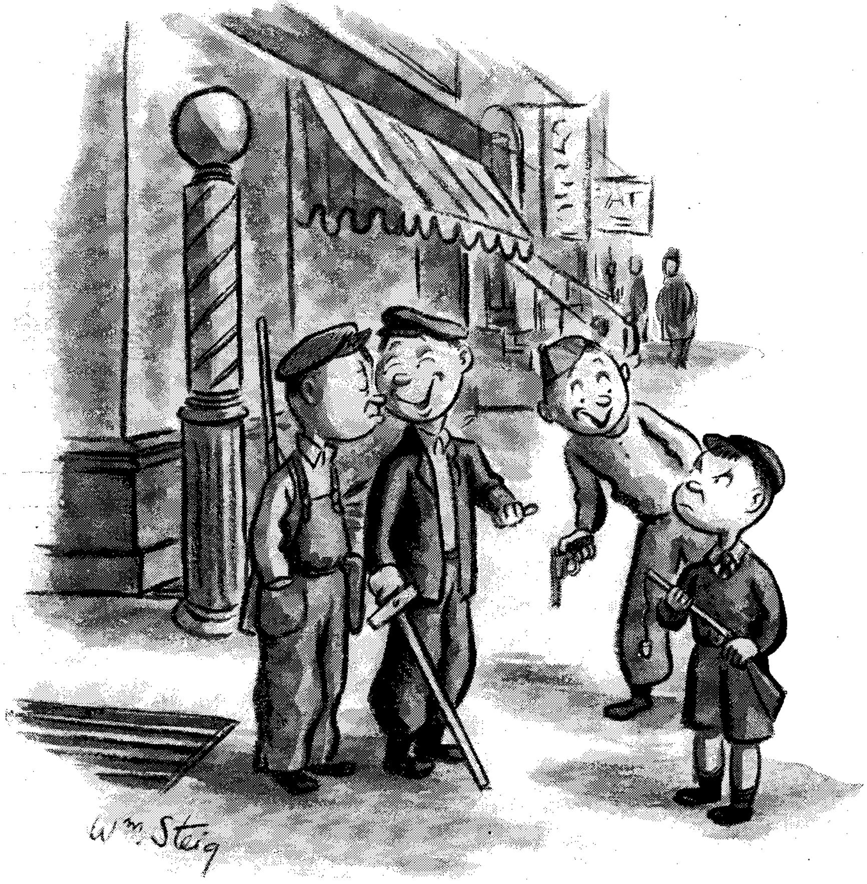
"Sorry, Benny," I said. "I missed it."

"Don't be so sorry," he snapped back. "It loused up the movie jernts. Anyhow, Barry made a big personal hit in it. He played a hardberld sergeant along the lines of that character, you know, Sergeant Squirt I think his name useta be.

"Well, sir, after that Barry is hotter than a water pistol. I got an inklin' way down deep in my bones Regal would call up to make an offer on a long-term contrack, and sure enough they do. So we have a confrince and I argy back and forth the terms till I'm black and blue in the face, and the upshoot fomm the matter, I got Barry twice the dough I woulda got in the first place if I'da made a deal in the first place.

"NOW, you'd think Barry would show a liddle appreciation what I done fa him. No, sir!" Benny banged his fist on the table. "Not even a plain, common 'Thank you, Benny. That's usin' the old grain matter, Benny.' Here, Artie, I want you should look at this." He pushed his arm forward and drew back his cuff to show me his wristwatch. "A solid-gold oxygen-shape wristwatch, it's got handwritin' on the inside. That's what I got three-four years ago when I got Roger Raymond a contrack.

"But that Barry Andrews, the minute he signed that contrack I got nothin' on my hands with him exceptin' trouble and aggravation. Finstance, the studio shelved out a young fortune fa a book 'The Public Life of Private Parker,'



SMALL FRY

Volunteer

the name, and they figger Barry is a natural to carry the story. But right away this jerk-boy turns it down on account he's got a new bean in his bonnet: he's gonna give up soldier parts durin' the duration. You hear? 'Benny,' he says to me, 'I don't wanna be typed an actor who's got no talent without he's in uniform.'

"That's all the studio hadda hear and right away they slapped a suspension on him. And, boy, did they lace it into me, some fine actor I'm representin'! I explain them, gee whiz, I'm oney a clog in the wheel, it's not my personal fault I got a dope on my hands. Finey we have a confrince on the lot and there's a fella there with initials, the OWI or other, and he explains to Barry how this here pickcha is gonna be good fa the morals of the soldiers. 'O.K.,' says Barry, 'bein' the govvement feels that way about it, I'm not gonna stand in Washington's way and I'll do my bit.' He meant Washington, D.C."

"So Barry reads the book and, Artie, you coulda heard his yells alla way to Pomm Springs. 'What's the big idear,' he screams on me, 'I'm now alluva sudden a private? In my first pickcha I'm a corporal and next I'm a sergeant and now I finey wind up whereby I'm a plain private with nothin' on his sleeve. My fans are gonna think I'm a first-class incomepoop!' Artie, I got so ragin' mad I felt like grabbin' him by the nap of his big neck and kickin' him the hell out, but I figger why antagonize a person, specially when they your own client?

"So I starts calmin' him down. 'Look, Barry,' I says, 'there's nothin' personal, see, on account you're that way in the book and nachelly the people who've read the book, they are gonna be pretty sore if the studio starts handin' you out a commission in the pickcha. Furthermore,' I says, 'I give you my personal guarantee your fans are gonna adore you in this story on account you're a great hero, Barry. So fa heaven's sakes,' I says, 'relax awready and stop beefin'!' "

Benny refilled our glasses, this time putting in a stiffer portion of Scotch. "Artie, if I get topsy on this liquor, it's gonna be on account what happened next. Get this.

"A couple months go by and they're ready to start shootin'. So I happen to be in the commissary and right in the mist I'm havin' lunch who should barge in on me except Barry, he's got a great idear. Why not have the general in the pickcha give him a medal? In that way he could still be a private and his fans wouldn't be so disappernted. Well, sir, I see I got a guy on my hands who's got bats runnin' around loose up there in his belfry, so I says to him, 'Barry, maybe you are right. Leave me take it up with the front awfice.'

"I figger, 'Benny, if you don't watch your step this nut is gonna hold up a million-two dollar production.' So I nosey over to the castin' awfice and I fix up a scheme. We hire some gray-hair extras, very smart-lookin', and we give twenny-five soft bucks to a guy, he speaks perfeck Spanish, and then I tell Barry that the studio can't rewrite the scrip' like he wants but they went to the govvement and they appreciate so much his soldier parts, specially way down South America, they are givin' him a lunch and he, personally, is gonna get a medal.

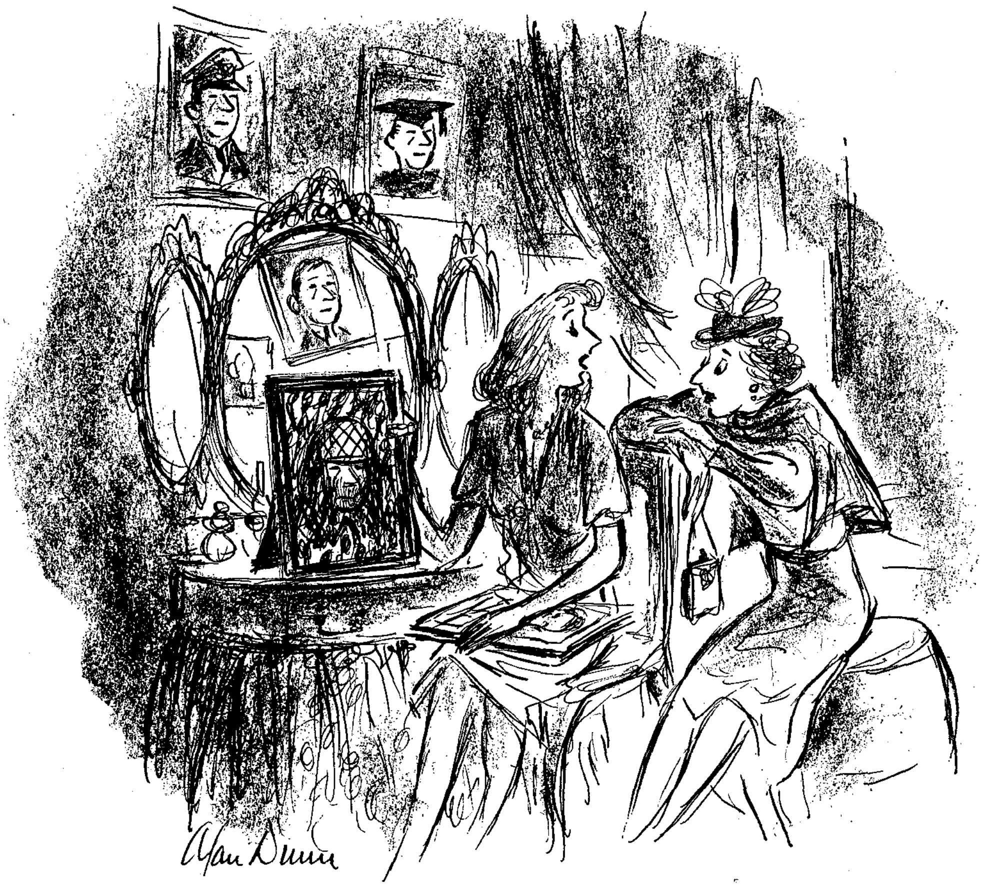
"Artie, it was but terrific! We had this lunch in the private dinin' room on the lot and the gray-hair extras are there, some got uniforms on, and this here other fella, he gets up and he delivers a spiel in genuwine Spanish and he gives out with a gorgeous medal to Barry which the prop department fixed up. And Barry gets up there and starts tellin' them he's just nothin' but a plain actor when alluva sudden the tears run up and down his face and he sits down.

"Evveything woulda been peaches with cream after that on account he finishes the pickcha without there's one single peek out him."

"But?" I said.

"But that Sidney Skolsky's column! How the whole thing leaked out, I dunno. All I know is that I'm here on this train, headin' fa New Yawk. Barry says he will punch me in my nose if he ever sees me, and in the meantime the studio got him suspended on account he refuses he should even look at a scrip'.

"Aah, the hell with him," said Benny, smacking the air with his hand. "I should get stomick ulcers worryin' about actors!" He cleared the table, fished into his bag, and produced a pack of cards, a pad, and a pencil. "Artie, I'm gonna play you gin rummy like I said. And my advice to you is watch out on account I'm gonna beat your brains out!" —ARTHUR KOBER



"And this is his latest."

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For the current week... the league reported that it handled 127 animals. Among these were 39 dogs, 11 puppies, 27 cats, 47 kittens, 2 horses, and 1 miscellaneous type. —*Washington Times-Herald.*

O.K., we know the type.

VISITORS FOR THE SOLDIERS

IT was raining that April Sunday, but visitors for the soldiers were still coming into the post's Red Cross hut at dusk. It was a camp in New Jersey, about an hour's ride from New York City. They came in family groups or in twos or alone and handed their passes to Mrs. Blane, the staff assistant at the desk near the door. Then they sat down in the comfortable bamboo lounge chairs to wait while she telephoned for their men to come to meet them.

The big, friendly room was larger than it looked, and so there were many people there before any of them became aware that they had all been waiting quite some time and that only a few soldiers had come into the hut. The visitors sat and watched the passes mounting in a pile on the desk, and they wondered. Then at last one phrase took form among them and began to whisper its way fearfully around the room: "Troop movements." And so, finally, without being told, the people knew.

There was a hopeful lifting of heads when the door opened, but it was only young Miss Weldon, one of the Motor Corps drivers, who came in shaking the rain from her uniform coat and talking to the passenger who followed her, an Italian girl. "You give your pass to Mrs. Blane," she explained, "at the desk there."

The girl beside her was very young and slim, with delicate bones and a small, erect head. "Thank you," she said, and turned to the desk and handed her pass to Mrs. Blane. "I'd like to see Private Joe Dascali, please. I'm his wife, Marian Dascali."

Mrs. Blane slipped the pass to the bottom of the significant pile on her desk and looked up into the girl's soft eyes. "I'm sorry," she said, trying to make her smile encouraging, "but the telephone to Area K has been ordered off until seven and we can't call your husband before that."

"But he's expecting me," the girl said. Then her expression changed and her hands, in their brown kid gloves, came up and held her purse pressed hard against the brown crêpe over her breasts. "Does that mean—" she began, and her lips, red and unpainted like a child's, moved faintly to form the words.

"I'll call him as soon as I can," Mrs. Blane said brusquely but not unkindly. "Will you wait?"

Marian Dascali nodded and her smooth brown hair swayed below her round, dark felt hat. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'll wait. Of course I'll wait."

She turned and looked around the hut and for the first time saw how many had come before her, the fathers and mothers, the young wives, the brothers and sisters and grandparents, all waiting patiently. She moved away to an empty chair across the room.

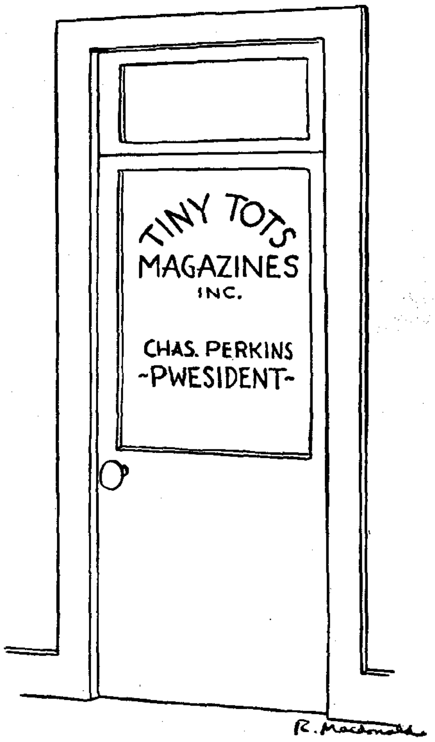
Mrs. Blane watched her draw it aside and sit down, folding both hands over the purse in her lap and looking straight in front of her. "It breaks your heart not to be able to tell them," Mrs. Blane said to Miss Weldon. "Especially when they're so young, like that."

Miss Weldon nodded. "This one's rather heartbreaking, anyway."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. She's so eager and—"

She was interrupted by a movement in the room, a sudden, sharp, strained leaning-forward among the visitors. The door had opened again and this time a soldier had come in. There was a moment of tension. One group got up hurriedly and went to meet the boy. They took him back with them to their couch and then enclosed him in a circle. Marian Dascali had raised her head along with the others and then, like them, she lost interest in the soldier, settled back, and resumed her waiting. Because that one soldier had come in, the tenseness and the restlessness in the room increased. Miss Weldon walked over to Marian Dascali and leaned against the wall beside her. "It's too bad you have to wait today," she said.



"I won't mind if that's all it is." The girl's voice was low and soft. "I'm used to waiting for Joe."

"Oh?"

"You see"—the girl looked up at her—"I always used to wait for Joe at the factory evenings, because I got out earlier than him. It makes it kind of lonely now."

"Then you haven't any children?" Miss Weldon said.

"No. We only got married after Joe was drafted. We'd like to have a baby," the girl went on slowly, "but maybe it's just as well now."

The telephone on Mrs. Blane's desk rang and Miss Weldon went back to see if it was an order for her. The voice she heard speaking to Mrs. Blane was not the flat, official voice of the Military Police officer at the gate. It was a younger man's voice, talking rapidly, against time.

"But it's against the rules to use this phone for personal calls," Mrs. Blane protested. "We are not allowed—"

The voice broke in urgently, and now there was something almost terrible in the rush of his words.

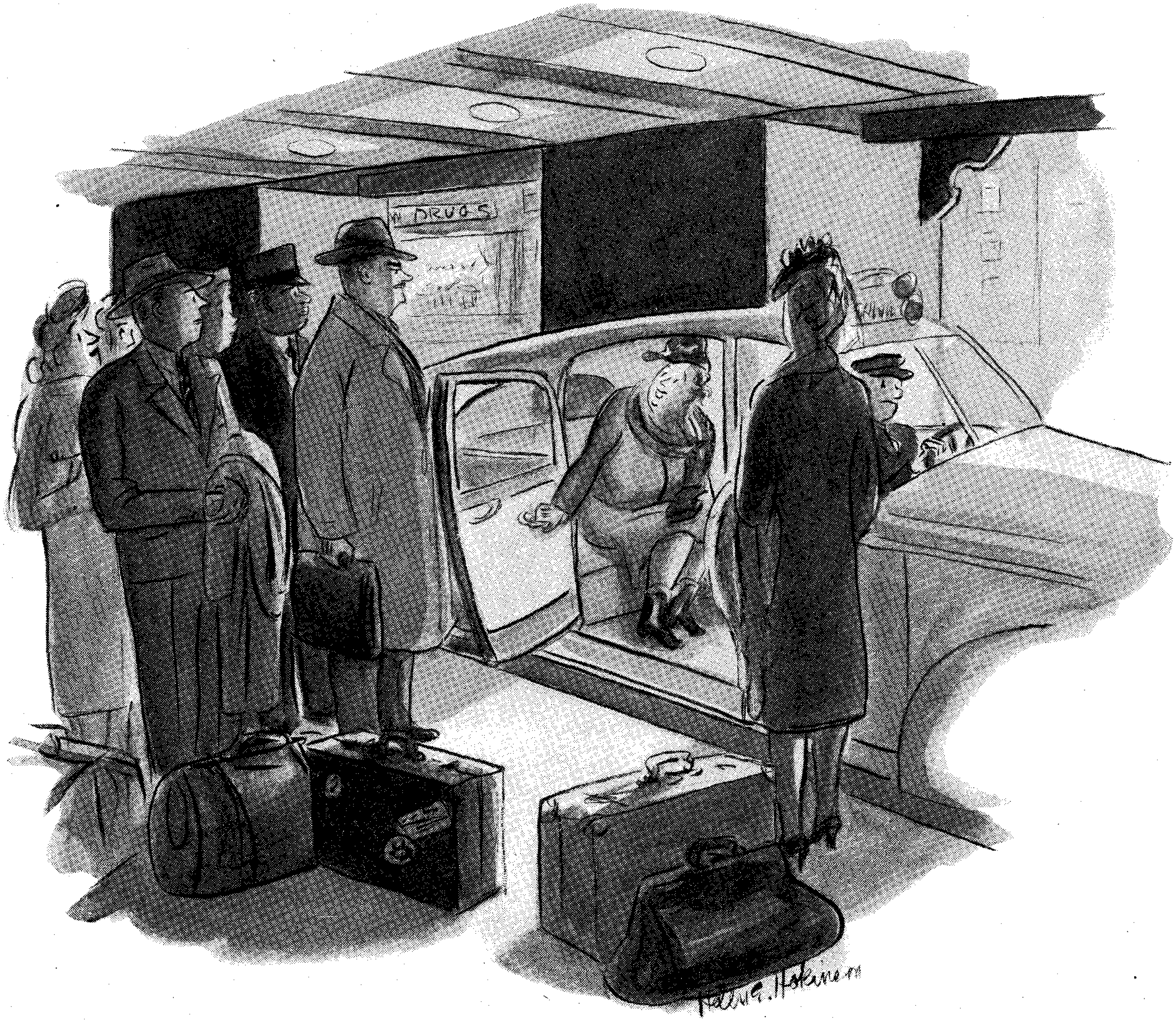
"Well, y-e-s," Mrs. Blane said. "I suppose it *is* an exception." She covered the transmitter with her hand and turned around to Miss Weldon. "It's a private whose company is leaving at six-thirty," she said. "He's somehow wangled permission from his company commander to meet his wife for a minute if she can find Area K. He says she's here." She looked around the hut at all the waiting people. "But where, is the question. Her name's Marian Dascali."

"I know which one she is," Miss Weldon said, and walked hurriedly across the room. "Mrs. Dascali," she said, "your husband is on the phone and Mrs. Blane says you may talk to him."

The girl got up and even in her haste was careful to say "Thank you" before she crossed quickly to the desk.

"Hello," she said. Then she listened, and the two women saw the creamy pallor of her face wash into gray. "But—" she said. He spoke again and her protest was silenced, as if a hand had been laid across her mouth. Finally, in one long, indrawn breath, she answered, "Yes. Oh, yes, Joe. I can find it," and hung up. "Thank you," she said to Mrs. Blane, looking at her but not seeing her. She went toward the door.

Miss Weldon followed her outside and then asked, "Do you know where to go?"



"Anyone else going to the Martha Washington?"

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"Yes." Marian Dascali stepped into the rain and darkness. "I'll find him."

"I'm sorry I can't take you," Miss Weldon said, walking along beside her. "We're not allowed to drive out of this area."

"Thank you," the girl said. She looked at Miss Weldon. "My husband is being shipped overseas," she said. "I'm meeting him for five minutes there. We're going to say goodbye."

Miss Weldon stopped. "You go left at this corner," she said, "and then right at that one two blocks down."

"Yes," the girl said. She hurried on between the long, silent barracks, toward her meeting and her goodbye, which would be so like all those other goodbyes said in this place these past months. She went quickly toward the lack of privacy and the brief minutes and the inadequate words—"Well, take care of yourself," "Sure, I'll be seeing you"—toward the sudden stopping of words and the coming together in that hard, short, terrible embrace which might be the last of all touching.

AT seven o'clock Mrs. Blane picked up the phone, took the top pass from the pile on her desk, and called an area. "This is the Red Cross hut, Sergeant. There are three visitors for Private Thomas O'Hara." She listened. "Thank you, Sergeant." She was smiling. She gave him three more names and then hung up the phone. "All here," she said to Miss Weldon. "Take these slips, will you, Betty?"

Miss Weldon walked through the hut. "Mrs. O'Hara here? Mr. Depopolous? Mrs. Gage?" As she approached each group, the visitors looked up in eagerness and then, at the sound of the names, they leaned back and shook their heads dumbly, until at last she reached one of the groups she was looking for. "Oh, Mrs. Gage, we've reached your son and he'll be right over." As Miss Weldon moved through the big, crowded room she watched for Marian Dascali, but the girl had not returned. When she went back to the desk, Mrs. Blane handed her another slip of paper. "Will you tell them?" she said. "He's left."

Miss Weldon took the slip and found the boy's family—the mother and father and the grandmother, sitting near the door, watching.

"Mrs. Wicjowski," Miss Weldon said. "I'm sorry you had to wait so long."

"Ah, ah!" the grandmother exclaimed in a high, cracked voice that was like a lament.

"Sh-h-h, Mamma. Be quiet," Mrs. Wicjowski said.

"I'm so sorry," Miss Weldon said. "But you know there have been troops transferred to Texas and other places and your son isn't at this post right now." Somehow she got through the rest of her routine speech with a pleasant smile on her face, feeling that the smile must be there and wondering how, before those strange, resigned eyes, she could keep it there.

"Won't you let me take you to the station?" she asked then.

The man nodded at his wife. "I guess we go," he said, "if the lady is so kind."

Miss Weldon helped them with their coats and picked up their packages.

"Cakes for Stanislaw," the mother said, "like he likes." She stopped suddenly and pushed the package at Miss Weldon. "You give them to someone else?"

They went out to get into the Red Cross station wagon and Miss Weldon followed them. She saw a woman standing in the darkness and the rain beside the hut door. The water was running off her little, round felt hat, down her hair, and down her face, across the smooth, pale skin. "Mrs. Dascali!" Miss Weldon said.

The girl answered, still quietly, still politely, but her voice was quite without life.

"Did you find him?" Miss Weldon asked.

"Yes," the girl said. "Oh, yes."

"Then wouldn't you like me to take you to the station?"

"No," the girl said, and continued to stare past Miss Weldon, across the unlit street, at the long barracks spotted with lighted windows. Miss Weldon had a feeling that there was no use saying anything more to her, that she probably wouldn't even hear.

As she got into the wagon, the old woman started whimpering in Polish.

"You must not mind," Mr. Wicjowski said to Miss Weldon. "She is very old. She is telling of the men she has sent to other wars. And now Stanislaw."

WHEN Miss Weldon returned to the hut, she went up to Marian Dascali, who was still standing in the rain. "Look," she said, "you mustn't stand out here like this. You'll catch cold. Come inside. We have a little kitchen in back and I'll make you some coffee."

"A little kitchen," the girl said.

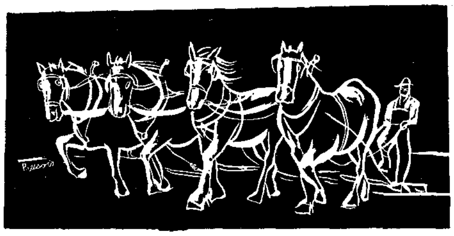
Miss Weldon waited. "Please come in," she said.

"No," the girl said, and then, "There isn't any rule? I *can* stay here?"

"Yes," Miss Weldon said, "but you mustn't."

"When must I leave?"

"We go off duty at nine," Miss Weldon said, "but visitors can stay until ten."



"Thank you."

Miss Weldon tried once more. "You mustn't do this," she said. "You'll be ill."

"No," the girl said, almost regretfully. "No, I won't be ill. Thank you just the same. But I'll wait here as long as they'll let me."

At nine o'clock Mrs. Blane closed the desk. She and Miss Weldon left together. As they drove away, Miss Weldon saw that Joe Dascali's wife was still standing there outside the hut, quietly, in the rain.

—CLARE JAYNES

REPORT FROM THE SUBURBS

The winds abate, the snow dissolves,
  The world comes suddenly in focus,
And the brisk spade of April delves
  Into the earth around the crocus.

The arctic by the shoe is spurned,
  While springtime eggs the willow trees on.
Farewell, O Winter, lightly mourned!
  Come, blessèd and inspiring season!

The bud sits firm upon the vine,
  The four-year-old upon his scooter,
And now by daylight once again
  Shaveth the blithe, reborn commuter.

Once more as merry as a lark
  He bolts his grapefruit, plump and squirty,
Nor dreads the chill, the morning dark
  That gives the lie to seven-thirty.

Once more the avaricious moth
  Falls heir to stocking cap and gaiter
And the glad housewife, nothing loath,
  Turns off her rationed radiator.

Watching the punctual birds arrive
  To seek their half-forgotten shelters,
She scorns a frugal sixty-five
  And in the legal sunshine swelters.

Once more the grass, both blue and bent,
  Powders the ground like vernal talcum.
Hail, time of showery merriment,
  This year of all the years, most welcome!

Who cares that coupon books grow thin,
  The Shortage worse instead of better?
Now may we ardently begin
  To doff the bedsock and the sweater.

What though the motoring horn has ceased
  And the hung steak deserts its ember?
Behold, 'tis spring, and now, at least,
  We shall be warm until November.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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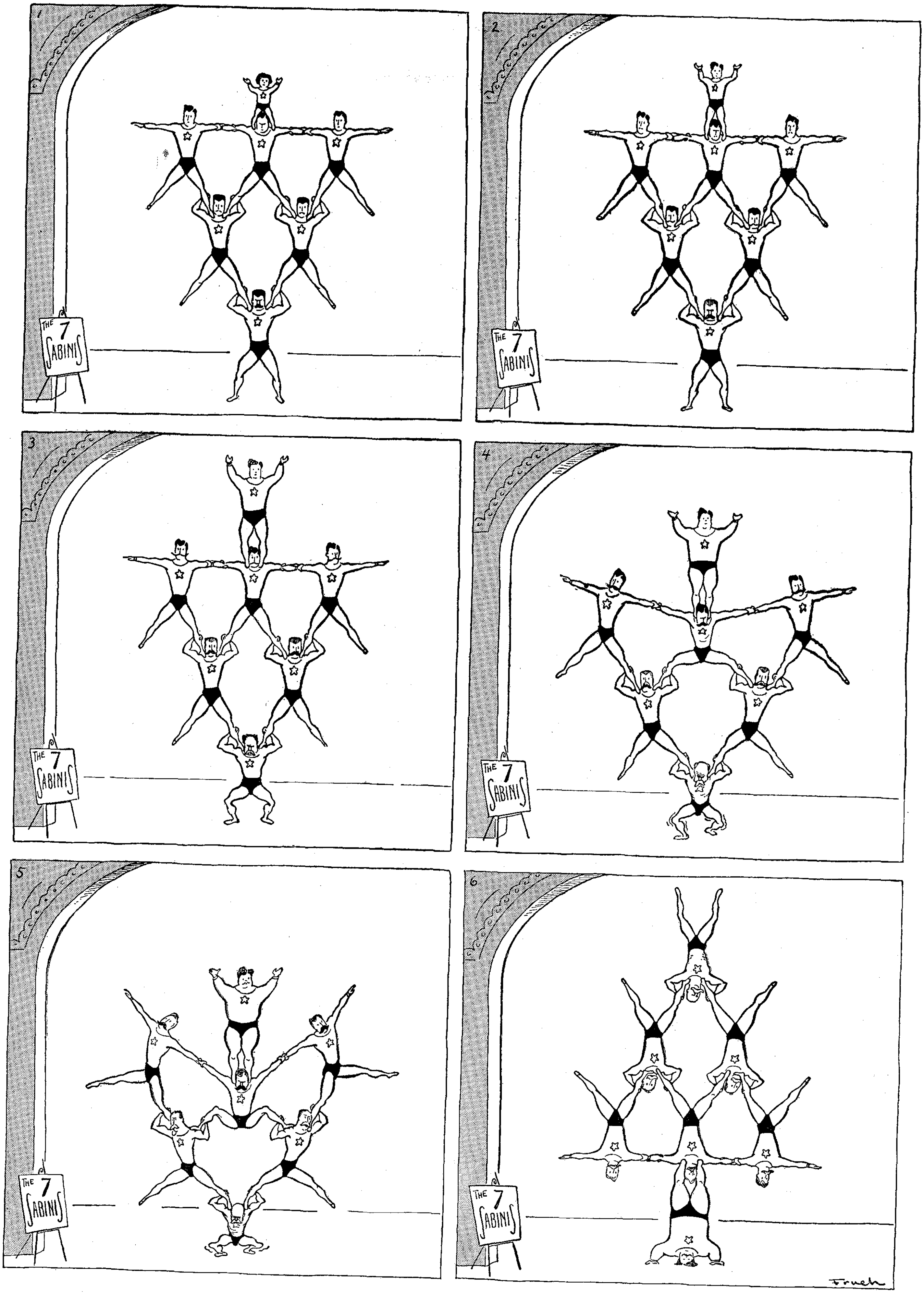
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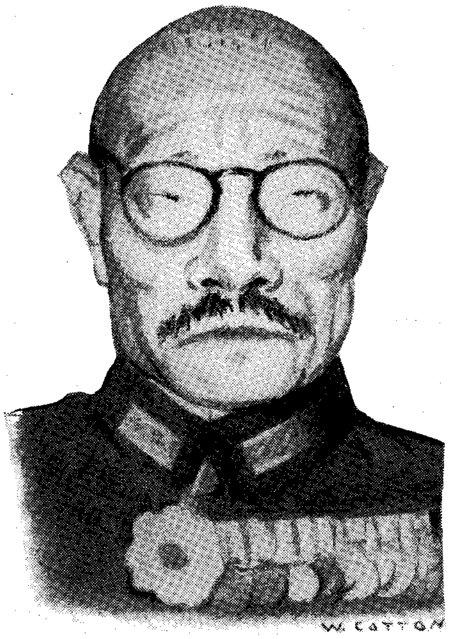
PROFILES

RAZOR ON HORSEBACK

As a statesman, Premier Hideki Tojo of Japan is sincere and frank. His actions are open to keen scrutiny, for he has nothing to hide. He has unquestioned sympathy for his fellow-men. Some people fail to understand him because his benevolence and capacity for profound fraternal love surpass public imagination. As a twenty-five-year-old lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, Tojo was well loved by his men. When he made a round of inspection at midnight, Lieutenant Tojo always wore slippers, as he feared that the clatter of his boots would disturb the men's slumber. His men were deeply moved by this kind action. Since becoming Premier, General Tojo has made a strong effort to maintain close touch with people in all walks of life. Early one morning, while on an inspection trip on Shikoku Island, Premier Tojo left his hotel, where he had stayed overnight, for a short stroll. He was alone and plainly dressed—just an ordinary-seeming man out for an early-morning walk. His eye was caught by a woman cleaning the streets near the hotel. "Good morning. I am profoundly impressed by the sight of you cleaning the streets," he said to the startled woman as she raised her eyes from the ground. "You impress me very favorably," he went on. "I understand that there are more women like you in the nation. You clean the streets and collect horse manure. That is why the farmers in the country are not in need of fertilizer. Good day." The Premier tipped his hat and continued on his way. The woman, who had recognized him, was moved to tears.

The Premier's kindnesses are not confined to outsiders; they are also shown to members of his own household. For instance, when two batmen who had served the Tojos since his father's time were relieved of their duties, General Tojo undertook the responsibility of furnishing each of them with sufficient funds to open a bean shop. General Tojo is also kind to widows and orphans. Premier and Mrs. Tojo once invited eighty-nine war widows to dinner at the Premier's official residence. Premier Tojo spoke kindly to all the widows and asked them to fulfill their duties to their families. Mrs. Toshi Hida, one of the dinner guests, responded and thanked the thoughtful Premier on behalf of those present, many of whom were overcome by his kind words. When General Tojo visited Yasukuni Shrine not long ago, he showed his intensely warmhearted nature in an encounter with a fourteen-year-old orphan, Takehiko Tsuchii, the son of a war hero. Going to the shrine on the day his father was deified, the boy met General Tojo, who patted him on the head as though he were his own child and spoke kindly to him. "I am extremely sorry for what has happened to you," he said. "I am sure you will now attend to your studies with greater diligence." The boy burst into tears of gratitude.



Premier Hideki Tojo

General Tojo once told a friend that during his own boyhood he had not always studied with great diligence and was grieved that he hadn't. A classmate, Yasuo Oku, recalling Tojo's school days, has said, "Mr. Tojo was an unyielding boy. He was good at fencing. Whenever he was defeated, he felt chagrined at his failure. Tojo might have ended in mediocrity had there not been an incident which completely changed his character." The incident was a quarrel which young Hideki had with some friends. He had to fight seven boys at once and was badly beaten. He was upset by his defeat and tried desperately to think of some way to beat them in return. Finally, realizing that he had no chance against them, he opened his heart to his mother. "You are wrong in thinking of winning by strength," his mother said. "There is no chance to emerge victor against such odds. However, there is a way to subdue these boys. That is to study and study hard. In study, you can defeat seven persons or even hundreds of persons." Young Hideki was deeply moved by this advice and became a serious student. By the end of the academic year he stood seventh in his scholastic work. He continued to study diligently throughout the rest of his school days and even after he had entered the Army and got married.

The Premier owes his success to his wife in no small measure. When he came home from the barracks in the early days of their marriage, he always went straight to his desk. He used to say, "I am not intelligent and unless I study hard I shall not become a great man." Instead of complaining of her husband's attitude, Mrs. Tojo did what she could to help him. When he became Premier, Mrs. Tojo told a family friend that her husband's mind was not as clear as it had been. Of course, Mrs. Tojo was being modest; General Tojo is as clear-headed as ever. In fact, because of his sagacity and keenness, he has been nicknamed the Razor.

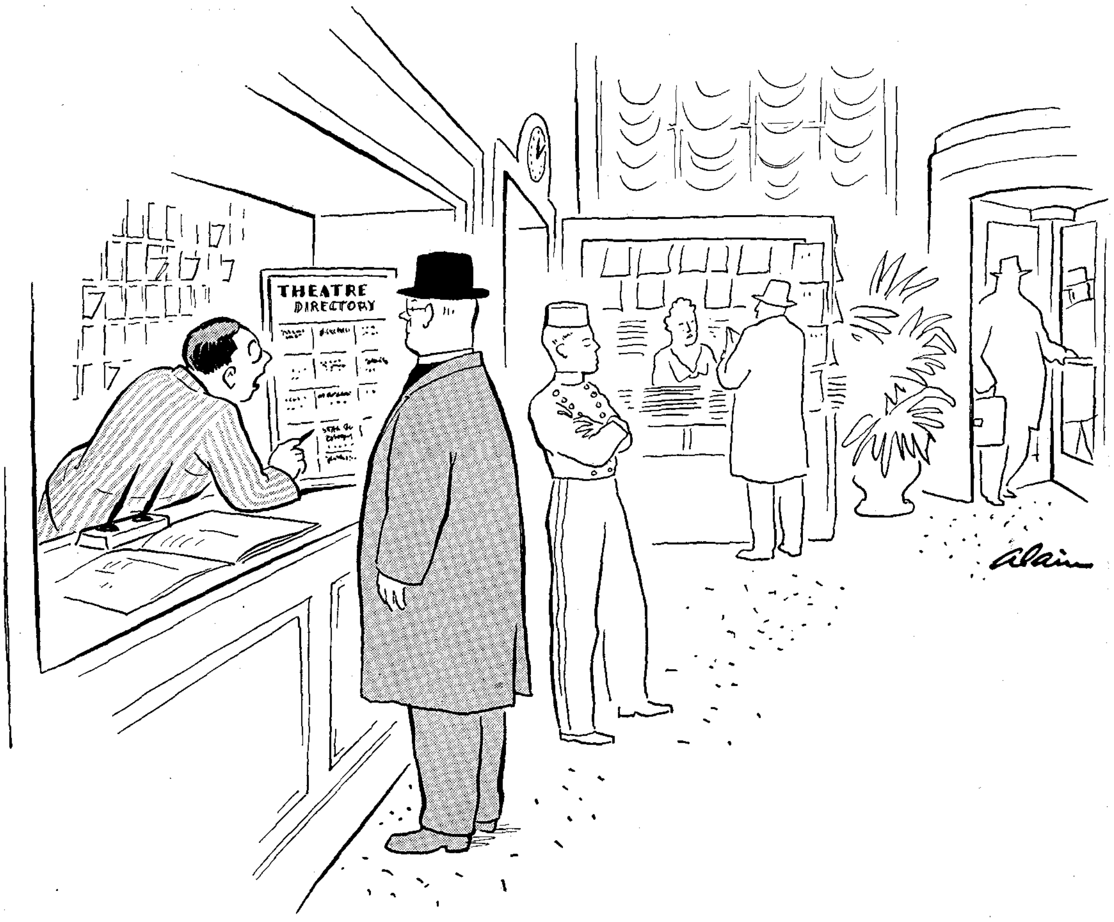
However, despite the nickname, the Premier in reality is a kind and charitable person. This has been exemplified, as has already been pointed out, time and again. A touching story is told of four school children who called at the Premier's official residence. Declaring that the Premier needed vitamins to enable him to carry on his arduous wartime duties, the children presented two cabbages, weighing over eight pounds apiece, which they had grown in a vacant lot. Even though he was busy with important government affairs, the Premier, his heart warmed by such concern for him, immediately led the youngsters to his room. Smiling broadly and in his most congenial manner, he talked with them in a leisurely fashion for forty minutes. "Study hard, raise more cabbages, and please bring me some again next year," he told them.

The real key to General Tojo the man is the frequency with which he mingles with the public. It is a matter of common knowledge that before the War of Greater East Asia began, he rode to the fish market in Tokio almost daily, mounted on his favorite horse, a handsome brown animal named Kikuami. Even now, of an early morning, fishmongers are occasionally charmed by the sight of a rather bald-headed old gentleman wearing thick-rimmed spectacles riding among them. Some time ago, hearing that the city was suffering from a fish shortage, Premier Tojo rode straight to the market and asked the fishmongers the reason. They replied that it was lack of oil for the motor fishing boats. "Oil!" exclaimed General Tojo. "Why not get up earlier and work harder? Giddyap, Kikuami." The fishmongers were overwhelmed by mingled emotions.

THE foregoing mélange is a faithful composite of numerous articles which appeared in the Japanese press during the ten months following Tojo's appointment as Premier in October, 1941. Although the direct importation of Japanese periodicals to this country stopped with the arrival last August of a supply in the luggage of Americans aboard the exchange ship Gripsholm, there is abundant evidence that Tojo's press agents are still peddling their wonderful wares at the same old stand. Recent Japanese newspapers and magazines, which have reached this country through neutral channels, picture him as still mingling with street-cleaners and fishmongers. Within the last month the Tokio shortwave radio has also beamed eastward several new tales about the big-hearted Premier. In one he handed a bag of rice and dried fish to a crippled newsboy. In another, when an official referred to the government's decision to increase the distribution of sugar and rubber balls as "a minor matter," Tojo bluntly told him, "The idea is to let the people share the joys of the soldiers at the front." Japanese journalists incessantly picture their leader as a kindly old gentleman combining under one bald head the humanity and courage and steadfastness that we ascribe to a dozen saints combined. At the same time, they say, he is as efficient as a silkworm and as hard as Japanese nails. While this portrait is perhaps idealized, it is no more extravagant than some of the freehand pictures of Tojo tossed off recently in this country by hasty journalists. Apparently in an effort to turn a stock Japanese character into a dramatic attraction, Tojo's American appraisers have occasionally been overgenerous in crediting him with all kinds of spectacular doings. They have made him as terrifying as the devil, given him sinister nicknames, such as the Bogeyman of Manchuria, and established him as a dictator in a class with Hitler. The practice of assailing Tojo with invective rather than with information results partly from the fact that the Japanese Premier is a relatively unknown commodity in the Fascist market place. It is unlikely that there are in this country two dozen people who have met him. Among those who have missed the questionable pleasure is our last Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Joseph C. Grew. Because Tojo is comparatively obscure, possesses a pronounceable name, and looks like an American's idea of a mean Jap, he has come to be regarded more as a symbol than as a man. It is sometimes hard to remember that even Tojo had a mother.

The youngest of three sons born to Lieutenant General and Mrs. Hidenori Tojo, the Premier has more than fulfilled the great expectations implicit in the name his mother gave him. She called her baby Hideki, which means "brilliant opportunity." After a career marked less by brilliance than by opportunism, Hideki Tojo has wound up today, at fifty-eight, holding more power than any other premier in his country's history. He is the first military officer on the active list to head the government in a quarter of a century and the only Japanese premier who has ever served concurrently as War Minister, Home Minister, and Foreign Minister. At present he contents himself with only two jobs, the Premier's and the War Minister's, but even as a double feature he is without precedent in Japan. From a distance, Tojo has the fuzzy outlines of a dictator. Closer up, he looks more like a glorified corporation executive. The Army, the majority stockholders of Japan, put Tojo in, and if he ever gets ideas about running the business to suit himself or if the enterprise begins to show a loss, the majority stockholders will take him out. In the meantime Tojo is performing quite satisfactorily as a front-office man in one of the world's great corporations.

In many ways Tojo is ideal for



"I think you'd enjoy 'Star and Garter,' sir. Excellent material for a sermon."

his job. He comes as close as a Japanese can to looking important. He is fairly tall, as his race grows, standing five feet six inches—two and a half inches taller than the average of his male countrymen. He weighs about a hundred and fifty-five pounds and is compactly built and healthy. His small, egg-shaped head, practically bald, is splotched with a stubble of bristly hairs. He has no eyelashes, you can count the hairs in his eyebrows, his mustache is scrawny, and his whole face has a parched look, as though he had caught his head in an oven. Thin-lipped, his ears ironed in close to his head and his forehead angrily furrowed, Tojo peers at the world morosely through horn-rimmed spectacles. His movements are as brisk as a terrier's. During business hours he walks with the hurried, agitated step of a man pursued. He is an impatient listener and a fast talker. When he speaks, which is no oftener than he has to, he spatters his words like a burst of machine-gun bullets. He is humorless, hardboiled, and as subtle as a pile-driver. He speaks no foreign language and is not gifted in the use of his own. "He cannot fire an audience," a Chinese intelligence officer has said, "but he can make his junior officers jump." Tojo is a man with no time for a hobby, for the arts, or for any other wasteful foolishness. "Endeavor and hard work," he once explained to a group of Japanese adolescents called the Student Morals Discussion Committee, "have been my friends throughout life, as I am just an ordinary man possessing no brilliant talents." After making the usual discount for Japanese mock modesty, there is still something in what Tojo says.

Wearing civilian clothes, such as the trim, single-breasted dark suit, plain tie, and gray fedora he customarily puts on for his much-advertised walks among the people, Tojo looks no more formidable than any worried Japanese businessman. Unlike most Japanese industrialists and government officials, who regard the occidental soup-and-fish as standard equipment, he shuns formal dress. He has never been seen wearing tails, and if he owns a top hat he has refused to be photographed under it. Once, when he showed up in a morning coat to address a political group, the newspapers cautiously reported the event as "an interesting sartorial surprise." For horseback riding, his favorite recreation, Tojo puts on a sharply tailored homespun riding jacket, a checkered waistcoat, and a gray hunting cap which sits upon his head about as rakishly as a pancake. Being an active Army officer, he generally wears an unflattering gray uniform and black boots. For important occasions, he drapes the left side of his jacket front with nineteen medals and decorations and slips on white gloves and a sword that reaches nearly to his ankles. Even in this impressive outfit, he looks miscast in the rôle of a man who intends to help dictate peace terms from the White House.

KILO POST (NUMBER UNSPECIFIABLE)

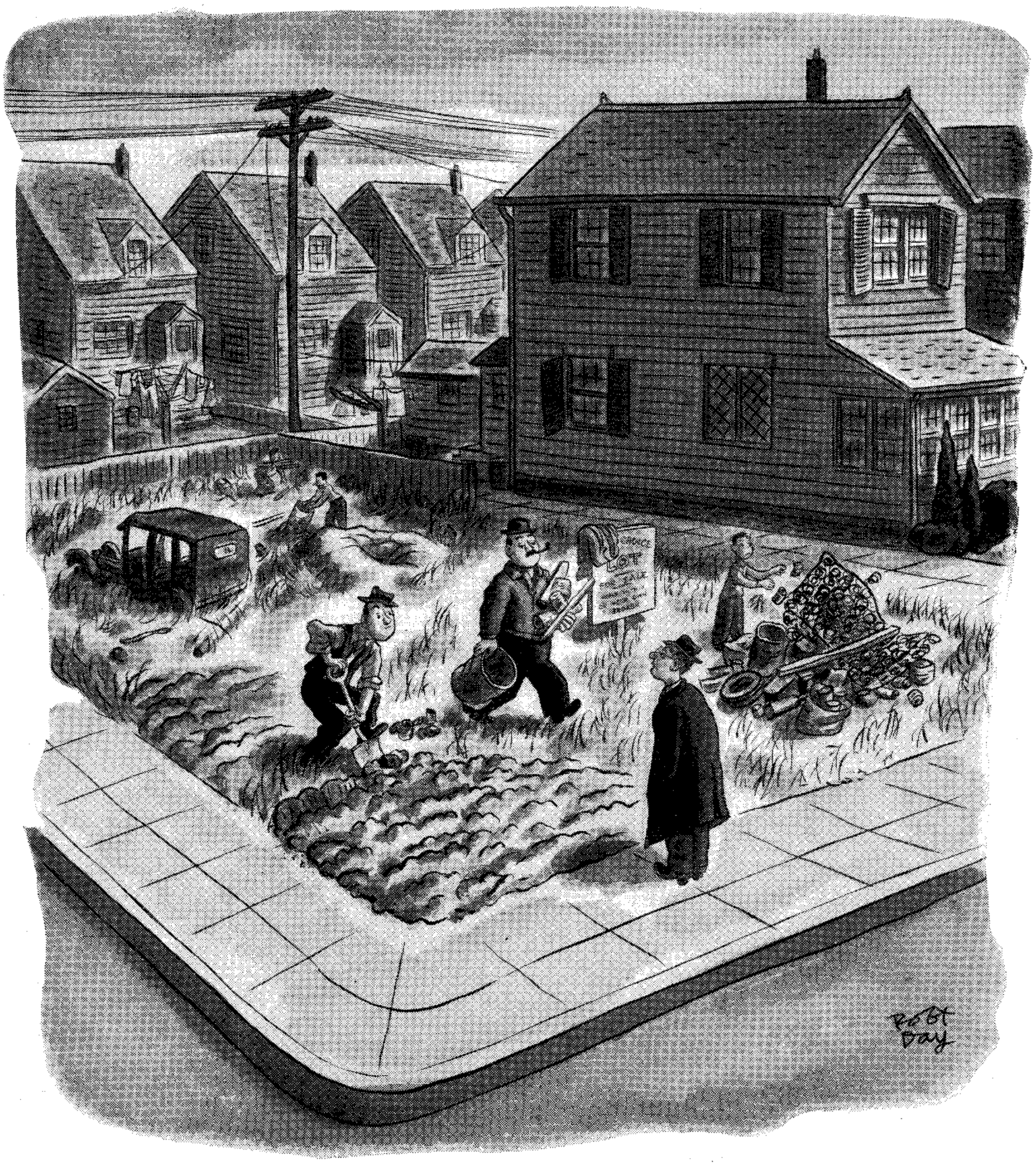
Sand never holds you in the way earth does.
Earth you can be part of,
Cutting its careful channels
To stretch to names that claim you as their own;
And where you dig the spade is cleanly marked.
Sand never holds:
It folds your footsteps in,
Levels slit trenches, tugs at tent-rope pegs,
Dissolves machinery, and clogs the sluggish oil.
Powdering through cloth,
It cuts the skin, swelling raw wounds with rankness,
Driving the fevered mind inward (and across
To signed soil, remembered rock, and green circumference)
It hates shapes that resist: its never-resting smooths
Shiny propellers, sardine tins, dead soldiers' graves
To its own hot anonymity.
And scattered along its waves
Their brittle, dried-out houses show where snails
In the moist morning dragged for dubious yards
Their thin, deliberate trails.

—Edward B. Fenton

• •

TAKING over the United States is only part of Tojo's aim in life, which he has often summed up in two words, *Hakko Ichiu*, to which our State Department's answer has inevitably been "God bless you." This phrase, literally translated as "eight corners under one roof," means as much to Tojo as the concept of the Four Freedoms does to his enemies. According to Tojo's definition, *Hakko Ichiu* is the process of "making the boundless virtues of the Emperor prevail throughout the world," and nobody in Japan can deny that that is an eminently worthy goal. Since the Japanese consider their emperor the only divine ruler on earth, it stands to Japanese reason that he should rightfully rule the world. He has not done badly so far. When Tojo was born in Tokio, in 1884, the Emperor's boundless virtues were enjoyed by only sixty million people living in a country the size of the State of Montana. Since then his blessings have been extended to well over a hundred and fifty million people, populating an area larger than the United States. As a demonstration of religious faith, this may be as remarkable as anything that has happened to Father Divine since he became God.

Although the Japanese have always revered their Emperor as a god on earth, they have not always treated him accordingly. For a period beginning about three hundred years before, and ending about twenty-five years before, Tojo's birth, the emperors were tucked away in obscurity and impotence while Japan was administered by a dynasty of military dictators called shoguns, who paid lip service to the emperors but did the governing themselves. Throughout this shogunate, which lasted, in terms of American history, from around the time of the Pilgrims' landing until a few years after the Civil War, the Japanese lived in an isolated, feudal world of their own. No foreigners were allowed to visit the country and no Japanese were permitted to travel abroad. The building of ocean-going ships was sternly forbidden, and in various other rather overt ways, such as beheading shipwrecked foreigners who chanced to be cast up on their beaches, the Japanese gave the impression that they wanted to be alone. In 1853 Commodore Perry turned up in Nagasaki with a squadron of American ships, a few mechanical toys for the current shogun, and a letter from President Fillmore suggesting that Japanese ports be opened to foreign trade. Soon afterward the Japanese, in a peaceful revolution led by the feudal lords, changed their national policy from one of isolation to one of imitation. Ostensibly exchanging militaristic rule for a reasonable facsimile of representative government, they got rid of the shoguns and restored the current emperor to power. In the seventy-five years since then, history has neatly repeated itself. The militarists have again taken over the government and the present emperor is right back where his grandfather was before the restoration. Sitting around his drafty palace, wearing patched underdrawers (as an example of wartime economy), and whiling away the hours in the study of marine biology, Emperor Hirohito can thank Tojo, among others, for making him what he is today.



"Pardon me, is this a Victory garden or a scrap drive?"

• •

TO figure out Tojo's part in putting the Army back into power in Japan is a task as complicated as trying to assess the work of a single bee in a hive. Until very recently Tojo was practically indistinguishable, even to well-informed Japanese, from the swarm of Army leaders. This overwhelming commonness, however, has been his prime asset. The Japanese, who have about the same regard for individualism that nature has for a vacuum, strongly distrust independent leaders. "A man whose head rises above the crowd," they sometimes say, "will soon lose his head." Tojo long ago took the hint. His career, marked neither by brilliance nor stupidity, is a fair example of a plodder's progress. His father, a samurai, wound up his military career as a lieutenant general in the Japanese Army and distinguished himself, the Japanese say, as a brilliant strategist in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. The elder Tojo was always urging little Hideki to study hard in school. Hideki was a competent enough student, except in drawing. He hated drawing. The Japanese tell a side-splitting story about what happened in his drawing class one day when the students were told to copy a painting of a landscape. When the teacher looked at Hideki's copybook, all he saw was thirty round "O's." He asked what they meant. "Those," replied the future premier, "are boys' caps hanging on the wall." Naturally, the whole class broke into uproarious laughter at this capital joke.

Tojo's gift for comedy had vanished by 1905, when he left the Imperial Military Academy, the Japanese equivalent of West Point. He had become such a reformed character that he was graduated with honors. For the next quarter of a century his life was as colorless and routine as that of most professional soldiers in peacetime. He attended the Military Staff College, commanded a regiment, and taught for a while in Army schools. By 1931, the year regarded by the Japanese militarists as the beginning of their New Order in East Asia, Tojo, who was then a colonel, was installed in Tokio as Chief of the Mobilization Section of the War Department.

A soldier who grew up in the first

generation after the restoration, Tojo, like most of his pals in the Army, had been forced to take a back seat while the rest of his countrymen were frantically busy trying to swallow a couple of centuries of Western advancements. The businessmen and financiers, whom the soldiers had long regarded as very low types, had come into their own. They grew rich and powerful and got a firm grip on the government machinery. As the soldiers saw it, the industrialists were letting the country go to pot. Toward the end of the period dominated by the businessmen, the standing army was cut down from twenty-one to seventeen divisions, the government signed a treaty allowing Japan only three-fifths as many warships as Great Britain and America, and the United States passed the Immigration Act of 1924, putting Japanese people in approximately the same class as Japanese beetles. At the same time, nobody paid much attention to the Army officers, who were shunted into early retirement on a pension amounting to fifty dollars a month or less.

Feeling resentful and glum, the soldiers came to the delusion that they could serve themselves as well as their country by engineering a little expansion abroad. They began with Manchuria in 1931. Since their scheme demanded the coöperation of the munition-makers and other industrialists, the soldiers showed their recalcitrant partners-to-be the wisdom of playing the Army's game by attacking them obliquely with a violent anti-democratic propaganda campaign and directly with assassination. Supported by what the Japanese euphemistically call patriotic societies, the Army during the thirties turned Japan into something like a perpetual St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Premiers and industrialists were rubbed out with cheery abandon, along with relative moderates among the officers in the Army's own ranks. One afternoon in 1934 a young lieutenant colonel dropped into the office of Tojo's immediate superior in the War Department, a man who had a small reputation as a moderate, and hacked the life out of him with a sword. This seemed to be carrying even Japanese patriotism a little too far. In the shake-up that followed in the War Department, Tojo and a number of other ardent propagandists for the new order were removed from their plushy jobs in Tokio and sent to duty elsewhere.

For Tojo, getting kicked out of Tokio was about as vexing as falling down a sewer and finding a gold watch. He was sent to Manchuria, where he fell in with a couple of generals named Nishio and Itagaki, an inseparable military team who have played leading parts in Japanese territorial expansion. In 1935 they were in charge of the Kwantung Army, the enormous and practically independent subsidiary of the Japanese Army which had conquered Manchuria and begun putting the basic principles of National Socialism into practice a year before Hitler came to power. Itagaki, who had been a classmate of Tojo at the Military Academy, gave his old school chum the job of commanding the military police of the Kwantung Army. As a forerunner of Himmler, Tojo turned in a fine performance. He was responsible not only for keeping a sharp slant eye on some thirty million civilians and managing such sundry Army sidelines as the narcotic and prostitution monopolies but also for protecting his twin bosses from assassins' bullets. He was so successful that when his mentors moved up in the world they took him along.

Through a great deal of involved political razzle-dazzle, the two generals from the Army's Manchurian subsidiary managed to grab and hold what amounted to a controlling interest in the parent company in the years between 1938 and 1941. Riding along merrily on their coattails, Tojo found himself successively Vice-Minister of War, Inspector General of Military Aviation, and finally, in the middle of 1940, War Minister, a really juicy job. On the day he took over the Ministry, Tojo invited his entire staff to a friendly get-acquainted meeting. "There's no use wasting precious time thinking and arguing," he told them in a short speech of welcome. "Put your decisions into practice at once. Work fast." He also informed them that he was so solicitous of their health that they were thereafter to spend half of their usual noon-hour rest period doing setting-up exercises in a vacant lot behind the Diet building.

By being able to hold onto the War Minister's post, which is the keystone of any Japanese Cabinet, when the Army was clinching its hold on the country's economy and hurrying Japan along the rest of the short journey to totalitarianism, Tojo showed that he was, if nothing else, a capable and ruthless administrator. Many of his tasks as War Minister appear to have been about as difficult as winning a fixed fight. Since

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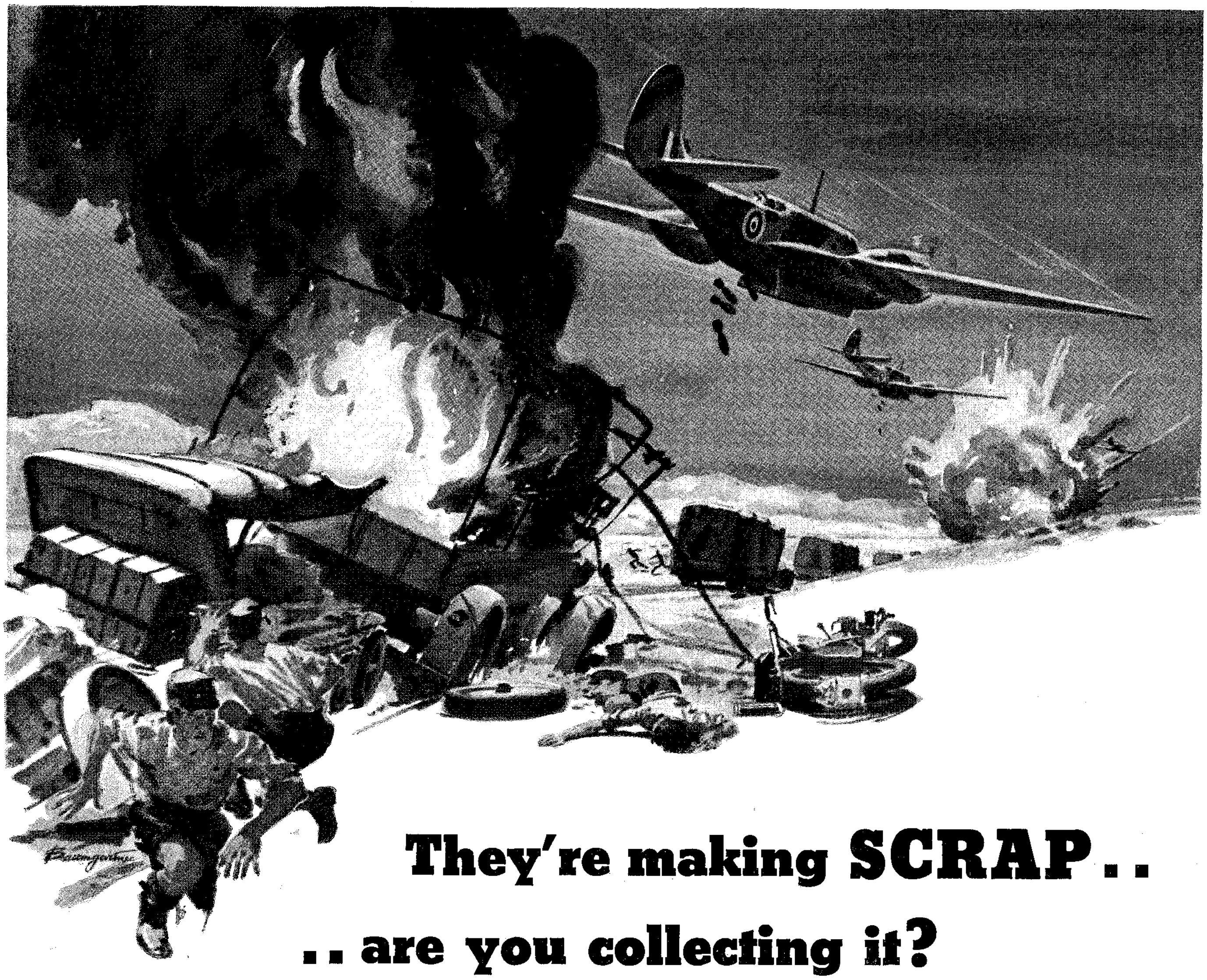

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☆ Scrap is vital to victory. If you have even a few pounds of scrap metal in your home, you are aiding the Axis. If you think you have given all your scrap, look again more thoroughly. The scrap situation grows more acute each day, as reserves dwindle and the demand increases. Think of each piece of metal as guns to defend your home . . . as armor plate to protect your friends and relatives on the fighting front. Get your scrap into the fight . . . now.

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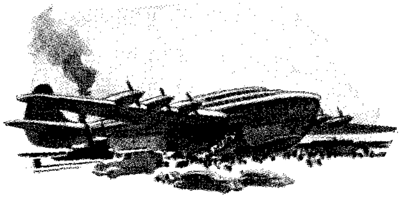

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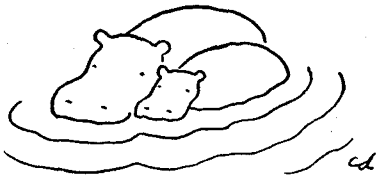
Builders of Dependable MARTIN U.S.A. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Aircraft Since 1909* the War Minister's portfolio is loaded with unique constitutional privileges, Tojo was almost bound to be successful even when he played according to the rules, and if he cared to deal off the bottom of the deck, he could always call on the Army's silent partners, the patriotic societies, who specialize in assassinating back-sliding premiers and Cabinet Ministers. As Tojo's willing associates in the Cabinet were always aware, the Japanese have such a high regard for patriotism that they have never yet got around to executing anybody for killing even a premier.

Except for the final and almost incidental step of installing a general instead of a civilian as head of the government, the Army completed its revolution by the fall of 1941. As the talks between the Japanese Ambassador and Secretary of State Hull reached an untidy stage in October of that year, the civilian Premier, Prince Konoye, obligingly resigned and Tojo, to the astonishment of foreign observers in and out of Japan, turned up as his successor. Evidently Tojo's two mentors, who were still firmly entrenched in high Army councils, had decided, along with other powerful military leaders, to put their energetic and obedient disciple in the front office while they gave orders from the back room. As in the case of other deals made behind the scenes, the Emperor was permitted to go through the motions of selecting Tojo at a palace conference attended by all the living former premiers and many senior statesmen, including a ninety-one-year-old count who was so determined to discharge his empty duty that he showed up in a wheel chair accompanied by a nurse carrying a portable oxygen inhalator. Four hours after the ceremony Tojo hurried to the palace for a word with the Emperor and then dashed through the rest of the ritual expected of incoming premiers, winding up with a prayer at the shrine of Admiral Togo, the national hero, who was buried in a coffin cluttered up with a lock of his wife's hair, a felt hat, and fingernail clippings of various members of his family. The next day, when reporters made inquiries about the policy of his government, Tojo answered them with his customary charm. "I dislike talking," he said. "I will make my policies clear by enforcing them."

THOUGH he has been long associated with a firm of doubtful respectability, Tojo's private life is blameless. Practically his only luxury is expensive cigars, which he gets from the Philippines. Their price, before the war, included an import tax of three hundred and eighty-five per cent. Now Tojo gets his cigars without this annoying three-hundred-and-eighty-five-per-cent boost, which is one example of his Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere in action. Unlike many Japanese military men, Tojo is a moderate drinker and strictly a family man. As the top public official of a country which worships fertility, Tojo has done his connubial bit by fathering seven children—three sons and four daughters. Two sons and one daughter are married. All of the boys are eligible for military service but none are in it. The eldest, Hidetaka, who is thirty-two and married, works in the Keujo office of the Oryuka Hydraulic Company, which manufactures armament. Teruo, the other married son, is twenty-nine and employed by the Mitsubishi aircraft factory in Nagoya, and Toshio, who is eighteen, attends Fukuoka Prefecture Middle School. Tojo's four daughters—Michie, Makie, Yukie, and Kimie, who are spoiling to become a Japanese tumbling team—range in age from eleven to twenty-five. The two youngest, Yukie and Kimie, are occasionally seen in public with their father. Although Tojo never goes to the theatre and also avoids such un-Japanese pastimes as the movies and golf, he seldom misses the opening of the *sumo* matches, the ancient Japanese sport in which beefy brutes weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds and wearing embroidered loincloths go through the motions of wrestling. Tojo has frequently been photographed at the ringside between Yukie and Kimie. Dressed in black middie blouses and wearing pigtails, they usually look bored to death.

They are probably not half so bored as their mother, who doesn't even get to the *sumo* matches. In fact, shortly before Pearl Harbor, Mrs. Tojo told a reporter on the *Japan Times & Advertiser*, an English-language newspaper in Tokio, that she hadn't been to the theatre or spent an evening on the Ginza, Tokio's main downtown thoroughfare, in twenty years. But, she said, she would no more think of complaining about that than she would of grumbling about the poor taste of the imported rice. "If I were to complain," she added, "it would only make the children complain. That would disturb the General, and so I suffer it in silence." Mrs. Tojo, née Katsu Ito, whom the Premier married in 1911, when she was seventeen and he was twenty-six, is a not unattractive-looking woman. Small, with a heart-shaped face, shiny black hair, and a porcelain complexion, she has shown evidence of being both articulate and educated. Although her social life may be dull, the Premier's wife is nevertheless, in a very minor way, something of a public figure, which makes her quite phenomenal in a country that expects the wives of its officials never to be seen, much less heard. Last year, for example, Mrs. Tojo delivered a twenty-minute radio speech entitled "On the Fifth Anniversary of the China Affair." Mrs. Tojo's address had its interesting points. "We Japanese," it concluded, "always uphold moral principles, having been taught to love justice and peace since the time our empire was founded."



In addition to helping the women of the nation to appreciate the quality of Japanese justice in China, Mrs. Tojo sets an example of wartime decorum to her sex by serving in an air-raid fire-fighting squad, by wearing the drab kimonos prescribed by the National Morale Board, and by belonging to several women's organizations. She holds office in the Japan Women's Patriotic Society, which operates under such rousing slogans as "Down with America and Britain" and "Everyone Work." Like her husband, Mrs. Tojo has a low opinion of birth control. "Having children is the best fun in life," she once told a reporter, prefacing some remarks on the need for increasing the Japanese birth rate. Besides having a fine time bearing seven children of her own, Mrs. Tojo said, she had sponsored the production of a pair of grandchildren. She accomplished this by promising her eldest son that if he would produce the children, she and the General would take responsibility for their education. That turned out to be less of a burden on the General than the son might have expected. "We now have the grandchildren," Mrs. Tojo explained in the same interview. "My husband is very sweet to them but holds the view that they need no special education other than learning how to stand on their own two feet." Her husband was somewhat more explicit a month later when he delivered a speech to a four-day conference of generals who were con-

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sidering a program for training Japanese youngsters. "Especially is it necessary at this time," Tojo said, "to place these young men on the anvil and pound them into men of iron. We will not accomplish our purpose by sparing the hammer."

In his office in Tokio, Tojo keeps a four-and-a-half-foot statue of Daikoku, the Japanese god of wealth, carved out of camphorwood and presented to the Premier by a sergeant who was wounded at Nanking. Possession of a statue of Daikoku is supposed to bring its owner prosperous times, and it has so far performed moderately well for Tojo. His salary of 9,600 yen (about $2,400) a year is the highest paid to a Japanese public official, but in proportion to the cost of living it is worth somewhat less in Japan than a congressman's is in this country. Aside from the rent he collects on a small house which he owns in the suburbs, Tojo has no private income. He does, however, have plenty of free living space. As Premier, he is entitled to occupy the Premier's official residence, a twenty-room structure many details of which were copied rather too accurately from Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel in Tokio. Situated about a mile from the Imperial Palace, the building has a fairly large garden, in which, it is said, a first-class air-raid shelter has recently been built. Although Tojo does nearly all of his work and most of his official entertaining at the Premier's residence, he has continued to live with his family at the War Minister's residence, a smaller and less bizarre establishment, which he has occupied since they moved in from the suburbs in 1940 upon his accession to the Ministry. It is near enough to the Premier's residence for Tojo to walk to work.

As a rule, Tojo works about sixteen hours a day. He warms up by taking his ride on Kikuami at six in the morning. According to *Nippon Today and Tomorrow*, a luxurious Japanese propaganda magazine circulated in neutral countries, he arrives at his office not later than seven-thirty and begins receiving visitors at eight. His day usually includes visits to the War and Home Ministry offices and to the offices of the Manchurian Affairs Board, of which he is president. He attends a daily High Command conference of the Army and on Tuesday and Friday mornings holds Cabinet meetings. As is the case with all busy executives, his days are filled with conferences. The more conferences he holds and the more delegations he receives, the more firmly

"BEST PLAY OF THE SEASON"
—*George Jean Nathan*
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NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
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with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
ELENA MIRAMOVA
JAY FASSETT
Production by JED HARRIS
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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT
with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • ROBERT KEITH
BILTMORE THEATRE • W. 47th ST.
EVES. 8:40 • MATINEES WED. and SAT.

are his people convinced that he is not showing any signs of dangerous individualism. He occasionally holds a press conference from five-thirty to six in the afternoon. He has dinner, often in his office, between seven and eight. From then until eleven, unless he has official entertaining to do, he works at his desk on reports. Tojo has a secretary, Colonel Ninomiya, who accompanies him on his travels. In good weather the Premier travels long distances by plane. Around the city, he rides in an Army limousine accompanied by bodyguards. Despite this protection, one attempt has been made on his life. That was last June, when a young Korean patriot fired two shots at him as he was entering the War Ministry building at ten-thirty one night. The first shot struck Tojo in the left shoulder and the other slightly wounded his companion, a former premier named Koki Hirota. Both went home after treatment at a hospital. In the excitement Japanese gendarmes opened fire, killing the Korean as well as mortally wounding a major in the Japanese air force and two newspaper photographers.

On the day war was declared, Tojo flew to the Grand Shrine of Ise, two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Tokio, to report the outbreak of war to the Sun Goddess and to pray for victory. Hurrying back to the capital, he broadcast a speech to the nation in which he said that the Japanese, who have never lost a war, "have nothing to fear in this one." A week later, at a big rally in Hibiya Park, Tojo broadcast another address, explaining the moral reasons which made Japan a cinch to win. "It has been more than twenty-six hundred years since the Japanese Empire was founded," Tojo said, "and in all this time she has never taken up arms with other aims than for righteousness and self-defense. Japan, who loves East Asia, has done her best to prevent this war. But in self-protection and for self-existence, she could not help rising up in righteousness and with all her might against the United States and Great Britain. Righteousness always wins, and righteousness lies on our side." According to the *Japan Times & Advertiser*, Tojo's remarks were broadcast, as usual, over Station JOAK, in Tokio.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

HALO, in vicinity of Dupont Circle, gray, with pins attached; reward. Return to Granite State Apt., 1731 N. H. ave.

—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

A madhouse, that Washington.

THE THEATRE GUILD'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY
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Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
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Michael Myerberg presents
Tallulah BANKHEAD * Fredric MARCH * Florence ELDRIDGE
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The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
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By PATRICK HAMILTON
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NEW YORK CITY

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distinctly masculine decidedly correct

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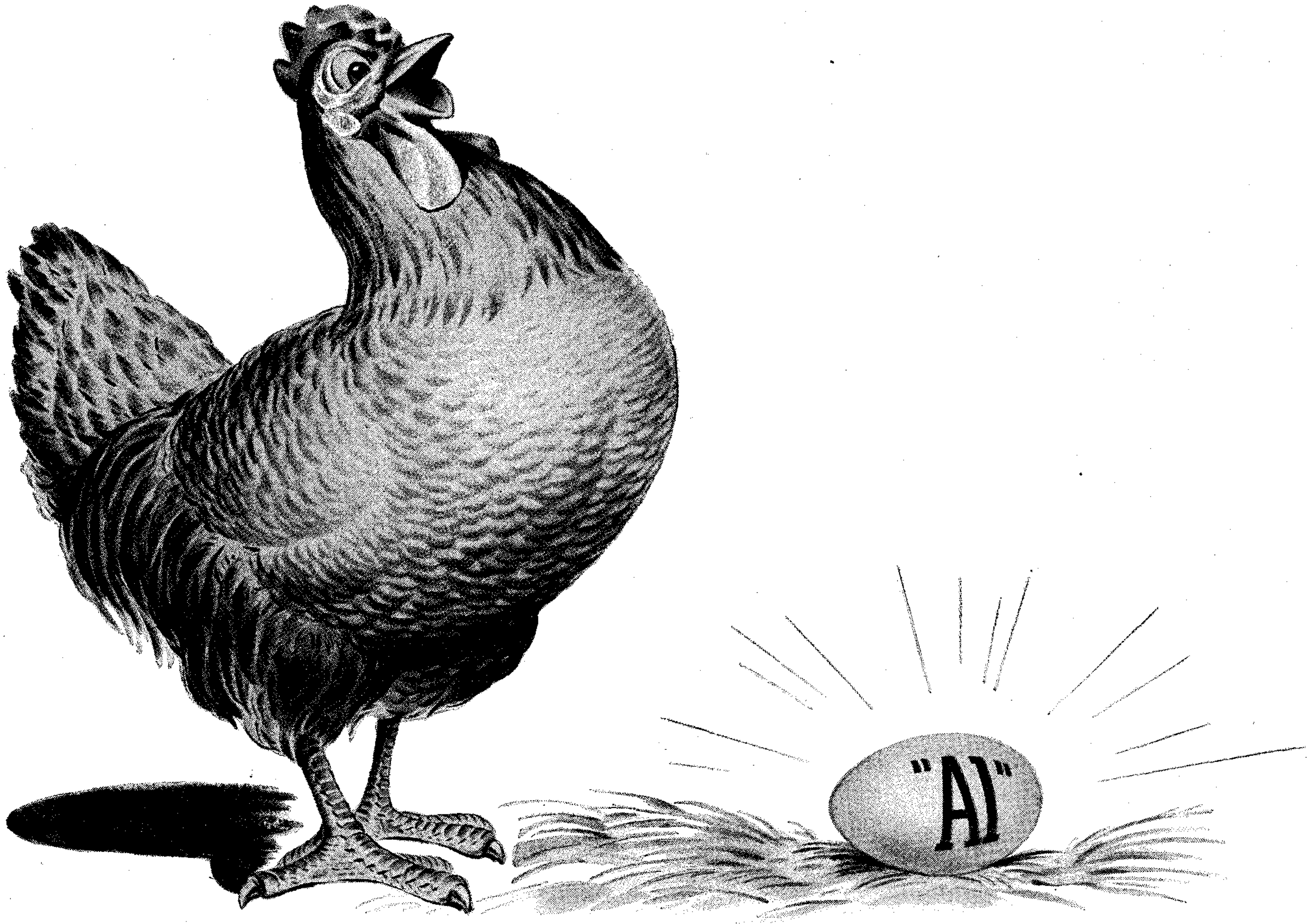
WHO SAYS A HEN KNOW



WELL, there was this hen. All hens are efficient, but this one was more. She had ideas. The by-laws of general and basic hennery she conformed to, but in her was the virus of the leader. So she fretted.

She fretted about her eggs.

Not about the contents. Standard they were, and would candle, scramble and poach with the next hen's. And ship. Ah—*ship*. That was the thing. "Shipping is where us hens are now falling down," she muttered. "Here our forebears get up a package for primitive society—the eggshell—one of the finest packages ever conceived to transport the wet contents of an egg direct from nest to skillet, and so long as folks snatch 'em from under us right outside the kitchen door, the container is just about perfect. But today, in a complex society, we find ourselves laying our eggs in Colfax, Cal., and getting them mornayed in Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.—and the breakage of shells is a stupid economic waste. It's worse than that—it's a disgrace to us hens. It indicates that us hens are standing still and not keeping up with the times or our market research."

DOESN'T HER BUSINESS?

That is the sort of thing she brooded in a corner of the coop, while the other hens futzed around, clucking gossip that the old girl was a Career Hen.

But she did something else about it.

She laid an egg with an aluminum shell.

Who says a hen doesn't know her business?

• • •

Aluminum is light. It is as rigid as you want it to be. Thin as you want it to be, it is still waterproof. Long before the war smart men made railway tank cars of it because it will transport malicious fluids without eating its own shell out, and because it takes far less coal or oil to haul. They made streamlined trains of it because it was cheaper to haul, plenty strong, and better in the long run, which is what counts in railroading. They made electric power lines of it. They made automobile parts of it by the running assembly line because it was again better and cheaper in the long run. They made modern airplanes of it, and if they hadn't used it there wouldn't be any modern airplanes or maybe any victory in this war.

All the ingenious persons who thought up the myriad new applications of this youthful metal, Alcoa Aluminum, are just a lot of hens laying eggs with aluminum shells. They simply apply new materials to old and new problems.

Who says they don't know their business?

• • •

Tomorrow peace will come.

Tomorrow all the work aluminum could do pre-war will be multiplied by (1) its new powers discovered in war work, where all current aluminum goes today, and (2) *the needs of the free people of the world for new, lighter, cheaper, better eggshells.*

And what the world of tomorrow needs *today* is a lot more hens with ideas. Call them "people with dissatisfaction." Dissatisfaction with the way things are built now and the way things work today. People with dissatisfaction, *plus* the determination to make *new* materials do *new* things *better* for *less*. Here at Alcoa we have an odd slang for that kind of noodling: We call it "Imagineering." You yourself don't have to know chemistry or metallurgy or physics to figure out where aluminum might go to work for you after the war, better, for less. But you better start clucking in the corner of your coop now.

Take a tip from the hen. Alcoa, who has made more aluminum than any other company, and who cannot begin to define the boundaries of aluminum's future usefulness, humbly invites your free-wheeling American mind to think up new jobs for our metal.

In short, figure out what you want and then

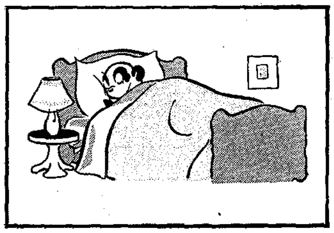
LET ALCOA DO IT!

ALCOA ALUMINUM

ALCOA ALUMINUM

Ed Nofziger

EVERY DEBUTANTE NEEDS SOME SLEEP!



You can't go on like this—from nurses' aide to benefit ball—without having *it* tell.

Flick out the light, throw your cares out the window . . . toss a kiss to your dream man off in Algiers . . . and dig in—to sleep. Of course, a Purrey Blanket can't guarantee an end to your problems; but it will help in a big way.

You'll get more sleep per party under Purrey Blankets. The scientists incontrovertibly prove Purrey is warmer, yet Purrey is lighter.

But take care of the blankets you have. Make them last as long as you can.

Buy War Bonds instead of new blankets, and you will see the end of This Business sooner. If you *must* have new blankets now, or need them for wedding gifts, you probably can still find 90 inch Purreys (full 7½ feet long). The extra comfort of the extra length will well repay your effort.

PURREY BLANKETS $6.45*

SIZE, 6 FT. x 7½ FT.

EXTRA "TUCK-IN" LENGTH

* *Purreys are preferred by women who know because science has repeatedly proved Purreys' patented construction* (88% *Purrey Rayon, wool* 12%) *to be warmer than many blankets costing up to twice as much. The practical double-bed oversize:* 80 x 90 *inches,* $7.45. *Regular size:* 72 x 84 *inches,* $5.95. *All prices slightly higher in West.*

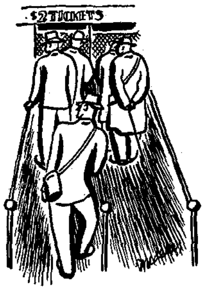
Makers of INDIAN MAIDEN COMBED PERCALE SHEETS

NASHUA BLANKETS · INDIAN HEAD CLOTH · DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,208,533

THE RACE TRACK

S. R. O.



YOU could hardly see the horses for the horseplayers at Jamaica last week. None of this department's statisticians, who work with an abacus in each hand, dreamed that anything like twenty-six thousand people would attend the opening of the season. Presumably adjustment to wartime transportation restrictions wasn't so tough, after all. Colonel Martingale says that most of the confirmed racegoers would have made the trip to the track even if they had had to hike all night to get there.

EVER since Count Fleet worked a mile in 1:39⅗ at Jamaica the other afternoon there's been a popular notion that he's as nearly a certainty for the Wood Memorial there on Saturday as you could hope for. I fancy he is, but there's a curious bewitchery about fast time trials. Horsemen have a saying that one race is worth two workouts for conditioning a horse, yet if a colt does something special in a private gallop, trainers forget all about the saying and lead the stampede to bet on him.

The performance of Count Fleet, who has grown into quite a good-looking fellow during the winter, was really extraordinary. The Jamaica course is not fast. Because of its soil and shape it is about three seconds slower at the distance than Belmont. Plenty of people regard a mile in 1:39⅗ over the course as practically flying. Nevertheless, Count Fleet, even running without a pacemaker, did his stint easily, or so it looked. I don't know what else I need tell you about him except that he doesn't seem to be so full of tricks as he was last season. Don't expect long odds against him; it ought to be fun enough just to see him run.

THE Experimental Free Handicap on the opening day brought out a number of other three-year-olds about whom you'll be hearing a lot from now on. I may be wrong about Slide Rule, and if I am I beg his pardon, but I thought that he was pretty lucky to win the race. As for Bossuet, who finished second, I'm afraid my attitude is just as cold. However, he'll probably be second choice for the Wood Memorial if he starts. My big disappointment in the Experimental—mine and at least fourteen other fellows'—was Blue Swords, who is the handsomest son of Blue Larkspur I've seen and, incidentally, the clumsiest. He may get over his awkwardness, though. On the whole, I thought the most up-and-coming colts in the event were Vincentive and Towser.

IT was probably an excellent idea to run the Paumonok Handicap last Saturday in two sections. There would have been a lot of crowding on the turns if all of the sixteen runners had started in one race, and there couldn't have been any wagers—as it was, there were plenty of them—on which division of the race would be run in faster time. For the record, Apache won the first division in 1:12, a fifth of a second faster than With Regards' triumph in the second. It was a tossup which finish was the more exciting. My vote goes to Apache's, because it was his first start of the year and also because in beating Riverland by a neck he triumphed over a horse who had raced pretty well at New Orleans not so long before.

By the way, it was the fifth time in the last six years that Fitzsimmons, who trains Apache, has saddled a winner of the Paumonok. Also, it might be worth remembering that Fitzsimmons usually makes hay while the wind blows at Jamaica.

IT'S much too early to have any ideas about the two-year-olds. Every stable on the subway circuit has lots of them, but since the weather in March was a good deal like what you'd expect to find in Spitsbergen, most trainers are a fortnight behind schedule with their stock.

STRICTLY COMMERCIAL ITEM: The parimutuel handle for the first three days at Jamaica was $3,924,478.

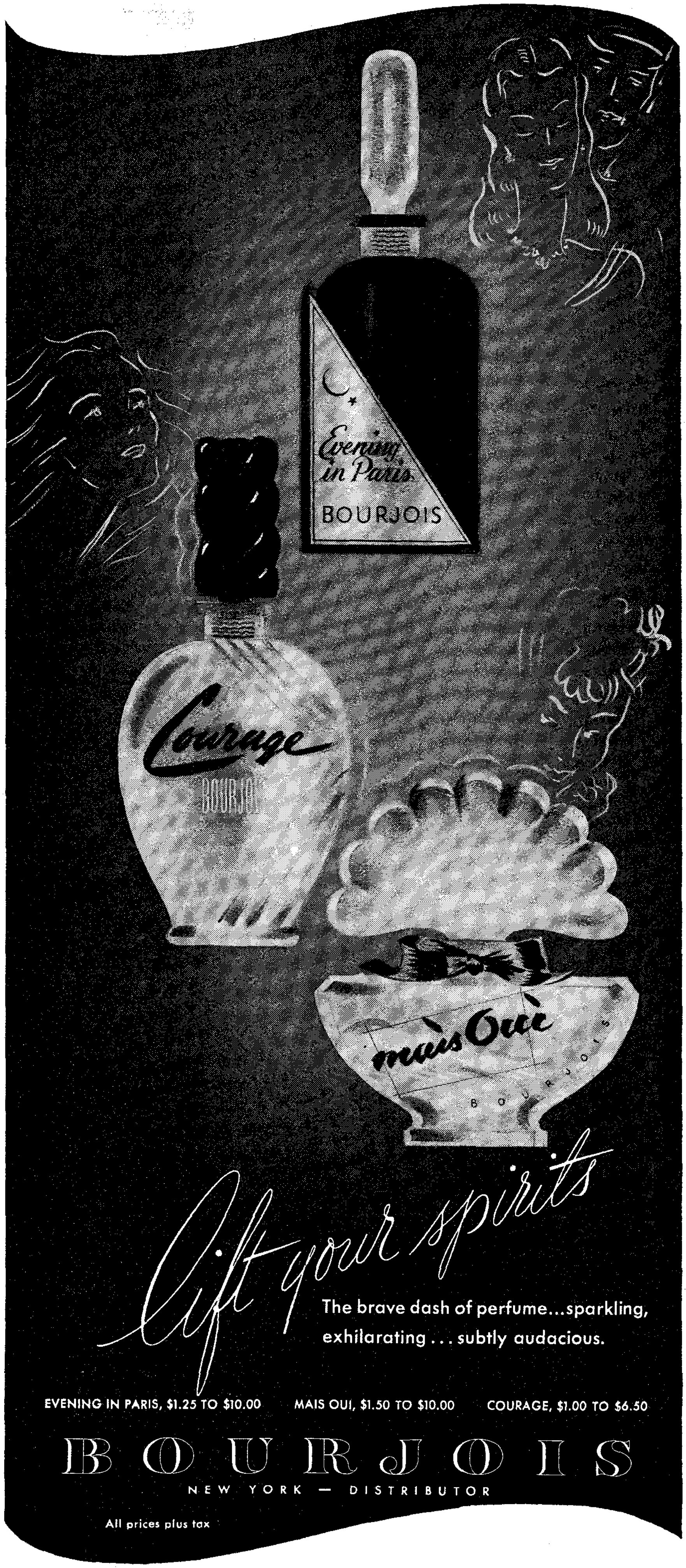
—AUDAX MINOR

•

GIRLS' SPORTS

Wednesday in gymnastics we had a military march. We marched by twos, by fours, by eights, and then single file. Then Miss Jackson said "Army dismissed." Then we came downstairs. And what do you think we saw? A sailor and a girl. The girl was lying in the sailor's lap. In another room there was a sailor and a lady; the lady was reading and so was the sailor. The girls watched, then we all went back. —*Fifth Grade Flash, official organ of Grade 5, University of Chicago Elementary School.*

Glad to see you back, Bright Eyes.



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THE ART GALLERIES

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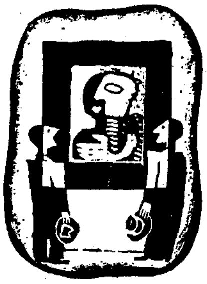


SOME few years ago a man (his name has not been revealed) who had made a sizable fortune in business decided to do something for his alma mater, which happened to be the University of Arizona. Art, he felt, was lacking out there, so he settled on art. He would give the university an art collection, and he engaged Bruce Mitchell, a talented painter, to help him in the selection. Contemporary American was the field they agreed on, and the affair was strictly budgeted. Twenty thousand dollars was the sum to be spent, one hundred paintings the size of the collection, and the group was, as it turned out, assembled in little more than a year. The result is on view at the Metropolitan in a showing before the paintings are sent out to Arizona, and I've mentioned all this background stuff because it has considerable bearing on the value of the collection.

The gift, of course, is a graceful and generous gesture and one that will certainly be of great profit to the university. The range of selection, moreover, is well adjusted to the range of American art today. The trouble with the collection, to be both brief and frank, is that there is too much of it. Too much haste, to be franker still, and too little money went into its preparation, and this air of hurry and bargain-hunting is responsible for the chief weaknesses of the group. There are good paintings, to be sure—David Burliuk's landscape called "New Mexico," Lucile Blanch's "Still Life in Whites," and Karl Fortess's "Rockhill Special" are among those I noted—but there is literally nothing that is outstanding, while a number of our most celebrated artists are represented by pieces that are completely untypical of their best work. One can only conclude that the aim was for coverage rather than excellence, and the result is to create an effect of monotony that is far from suggesting the liveliness and spirit of our native contemporary painting. Buying art, I'm afraid, is something that can't be gone at headlong. It takes time and a good deal of contemplation, and it's the lack of them that has robbed this collection of true distinction. It takes patience, too; if an artist you admire doesn't happen to have, just this year, a painting that you like, you must be willing to wait till next year or the year after that before buying. What I hope is that the donor of the group will use it as a nucleus to which from time to time other canvases will be added, representing both his best taste and the best accomplishment of the artists he likes.

IF you go over to the Brooklyn Museum, you will find two shows, one an "Art for Bonds" exhibition of poster designs for the Treasury Department by contemporary Americans and the other the Museum's twelfth biennial international water-color exhibition. When I visited the place, however, the first hadn't been hung yet, and all I can say is that it looked good in the prospectus. I can be more explicit about the other. It *is* good; indeed, it is one of the pleasantest water-color shows I've seen in some time. Owing to the war, contributions this year are confined to the Western Hemisphere, but that doesn't seem to have worried the organizers of the show much, and with the amount of talent they had to draw on in Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, and so on, it is hard to see why it should.

One thing that I think will interest you is the contrast between the works of the Latin and the North Americans—a contrast that is heightened by the fact that the two groups are separately housed in adjoining rooms. The first is all stridence and violence, hot colors and vivid design; when you go from this tropical atmosphere to the cool blues and temperate patterns of the North Americans, the change is so startling as almost to take your breath away. I've never quite known why such differences exist. Is it climate that causes it, or the effect of the atmosphere on the look of things? Or is it the result of some conscious or unconscious obedience to national traditions? I don't know, and I'm still wondering.

To go back to the show, I liked Juan Soriano's "Children Dancing" and Rufino Tamayo's "Women," both from Mexico, as well as the Argentine Alejandro Bonome's sharply two-dimensional "The Banquet." The big group from the United States seemed to me to be almost uniformly agreeable.

AT the Paul Rosenberg, they are showing paintings by Picasso and Braque. This is a combination that has often been tried before, usually with success, and this affair is no exception. Indeed, the two old friends go so well together that there are times when their styles seem to merge, different as they are fundamentally, and in the case of a canvas like "La Petite Cuisine," for example, one has to look at the catalogue to make sure that it's really by Picasso and not by the other. An interesting progression is to be noted, too, from Braque's "Plat de Rougets," almost completely naturalistic in rendering, through his more abstract "Compotier de Raisins et Pain," to Picasso's "Le Pot à Lait," in which a subject that's basically similar to the two others—a pitcher, a platter, and some other small objects—has been whirled into a very frenzy of color and movement. There's a big red-and-blue figure study by Picasso, called "Le Rêve" and never previously shown here, that is really swell. The show is definitely worth seeing. . . . Kurt Seligmann, at Durlacher, has a set of new oils that go quite beyond anything he has ever shown before. Long devoted to painting on glass, he has now turned to canvas, and the effect has been to increase both the power and depth of his work immeasurably. His pictures are big things, for the most part, with none of that tightness and slightly cramped feeling that marked some of his earlier, smaller paintings. But the old, odd, ironic fantasy is still there, and such pieces as his "Melusine and the Great Transparents" and the dreamlike "Noctambulation" are remarkably effective performances.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Letter sent to an applicant for a birth certificate*]

DEAR SIR:

We regret to inform you that we do not have a record of your birth.

If the attending physician or midwife is still living, it will be necessary for them to send an affidavit with birth record in order to place the same on file.

If the attending physician or midwife is deceased, it will be necessary for you to have two American Citizens, that knew your parents at the time of your birth to this office, together with your baptismal record, if this is not possible, then your earliest school record, and a joint affidavit of your parents, if one parent is dead, then we will accept an affidavit from the living parent.

The same will then be sent to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Harrisburg for approval.

Yours truly,
M. R. KNOCH, *Registrar,*
637 City County Building,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

How American it is... to want something better!

NIGHT SCHOOL
SCHEDULE
Monday... Public Speaking
Tuesday... English
Wednesday..Nutri
Thursday...Typin
Friday.... Steno

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

IT SEEMS that we in America are "never too old to learn" and so by the thousands we turn to classes and night schools to learn a better trade or more about the world we live in or how to live life better.

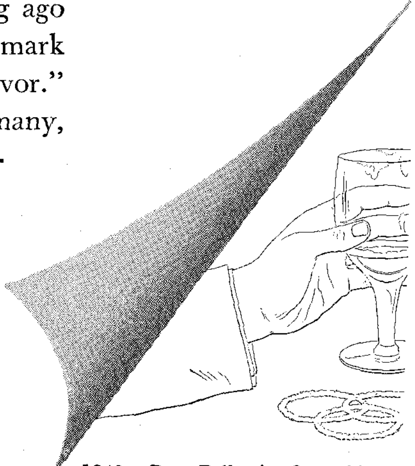
This search for "something better" runs through all our lives. We hunt for better clothes, better books and better pocketknives.

One of the "better things" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been *acclaimed* by many. *So* many, that in this land of something better it has become—

America's largest selling Ale

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



1840—Peter Ballantine found his tra
mark in three dewy rings left by h
glass as he tested three qualities-
Purity, Body, Flavor.

MITCHELL BOMBERS FIND GOOD HUNTING IN NEW GUINEA

Giving Japs no rest... they pound ships, ports, munitions dumps, planes, airfields

"B-25 Mitchell bombers attacked a Japanese convoy attempting to land troops on the north coast of New Guinea. Several destructive hits were scored on transports and escorting warships, five Zeros were shot down and the whole convoy fled . . .

"B-25's made the heaviest attack in weeks on Salamaua. The port was badly battered and ravaged by fires and explosions. A munitions dump was blown up . . .

"In two runs over the Jap airdrome at Lae, B-25 Mitchells destroyed five bombers and six fighters on the ground . . .

"B-25's located a Jap destroyer and two smaller vessels attempting to bring supplies to New Guinea and sank all three . . ."

You could fill a book with the list of Jap losses in New Guinea. Into this bottomless pit the enemy has poured men, ships, supplies and planes in a desperate effort to conquer the island. Instead they suffered their first major land defeat of the war in the South Pacific.

On this front, as on many others, "North American Sets the Pace." Powerful North American B-25 Mitchell bombers, more hated by the Japs than any other United Nations planes, have been active in the New Guinea theater for more than a year. At Gona, Buna, Lae, Salamaua and every other point where there were Japs to be killed, the B-25's found good hunting.

Today, with New Guinea safely in Allied hands and the threat to Australia smashed, B-25 Mitchells are out to blast the enemy from his other bases in the South Pacific. Back home in North American's plants the hunting goes on too. We're looking for, and finding, many improvements that keep us ahead of the Axis.

The Office of War Information says of the B-25: "No other airplane of its type in friendly or enemy air forces is known to equal it." The Japs in New Guinea found that was true. We mean to keep it that way.

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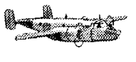
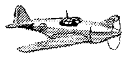
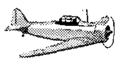


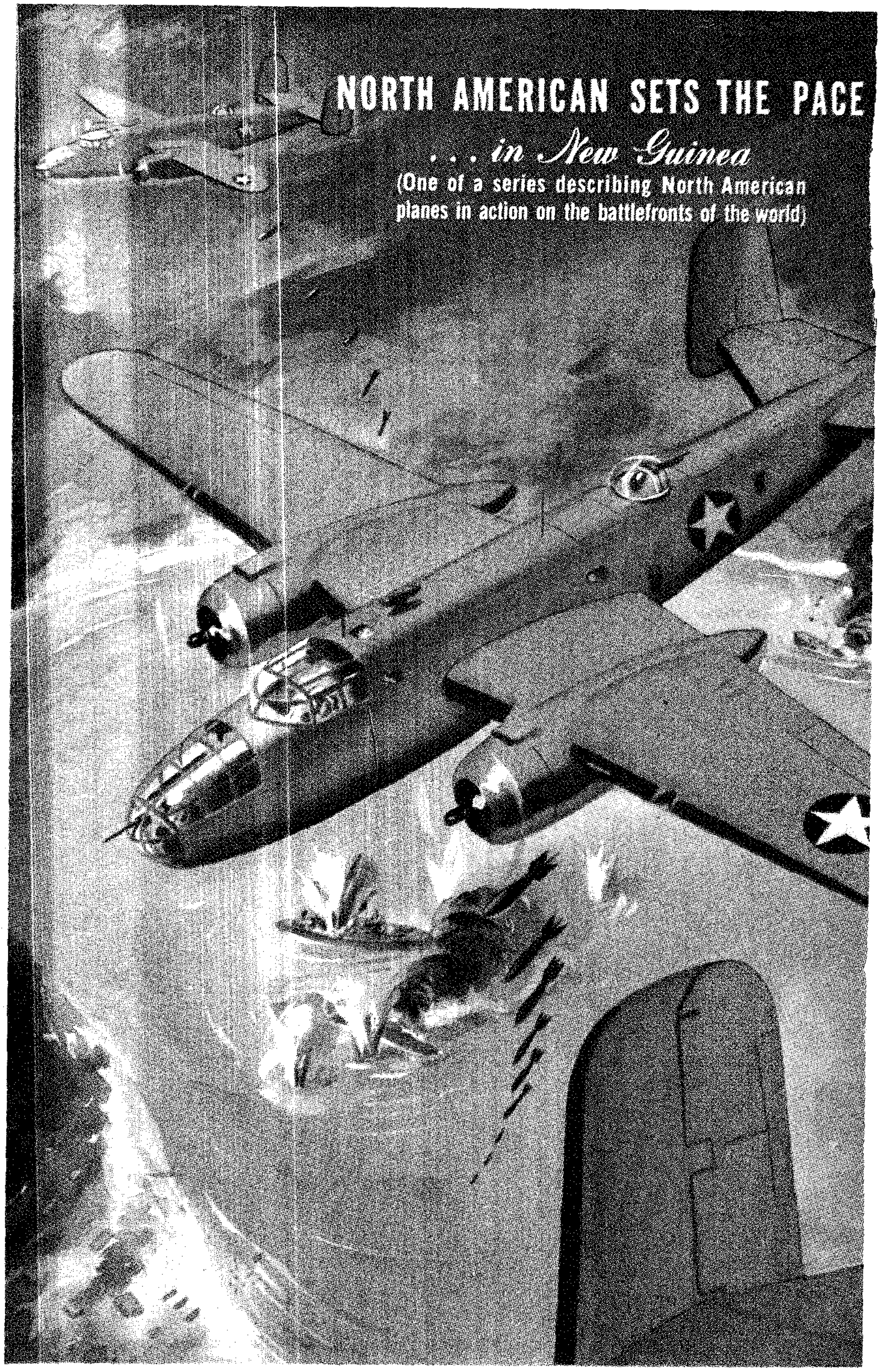
B-25 MITCHELL



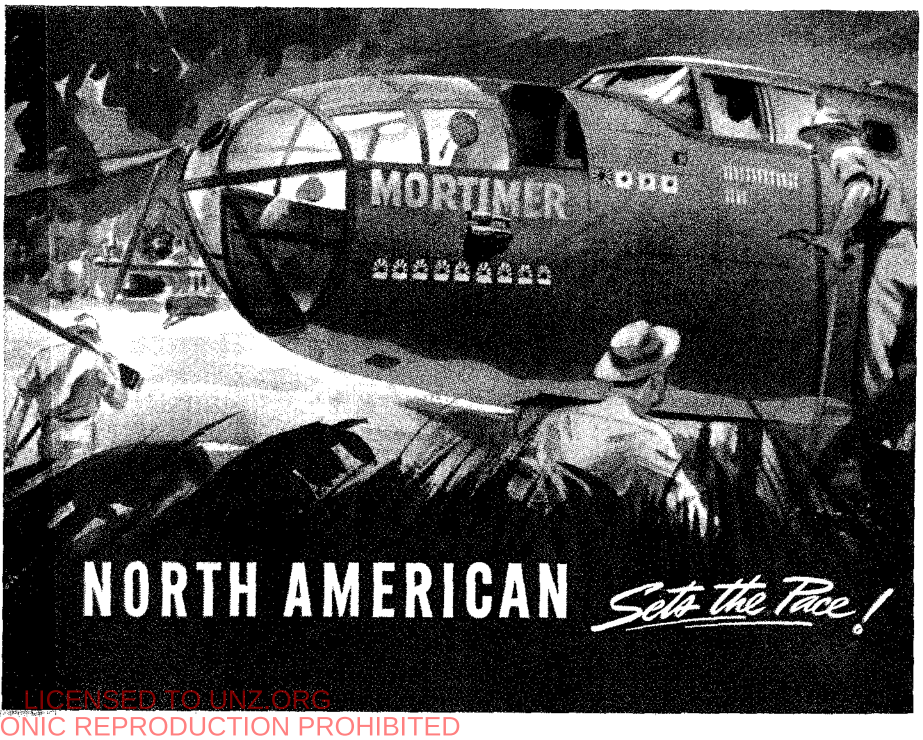
P-51 MUSTANG



AT-6 TEXAN


NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
. . . in New Guinea
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

Deadly B-25 Bombers attack a Jap beachhead. Like American planes everywhere, they are painted a camouflage color to match the natural setting in which they are based—in this case, the vivid green of the New Guinea jungle.


MORTIMER
NORTH AMERICAN Sets the Pace!

The Japs hate Mortimer and with reason. This North American B-25 Mitchell bomber has its individual record painted on the fuselage: four flags, one for each Jap sunk, nine rising sun emblems, one for each Zero shot down, and 17 bombs, one for each raid in which the plane took part. Mortimer has room for more flags and emblems. He symbolizes that unconquerable superiority which infuriates the Japs.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

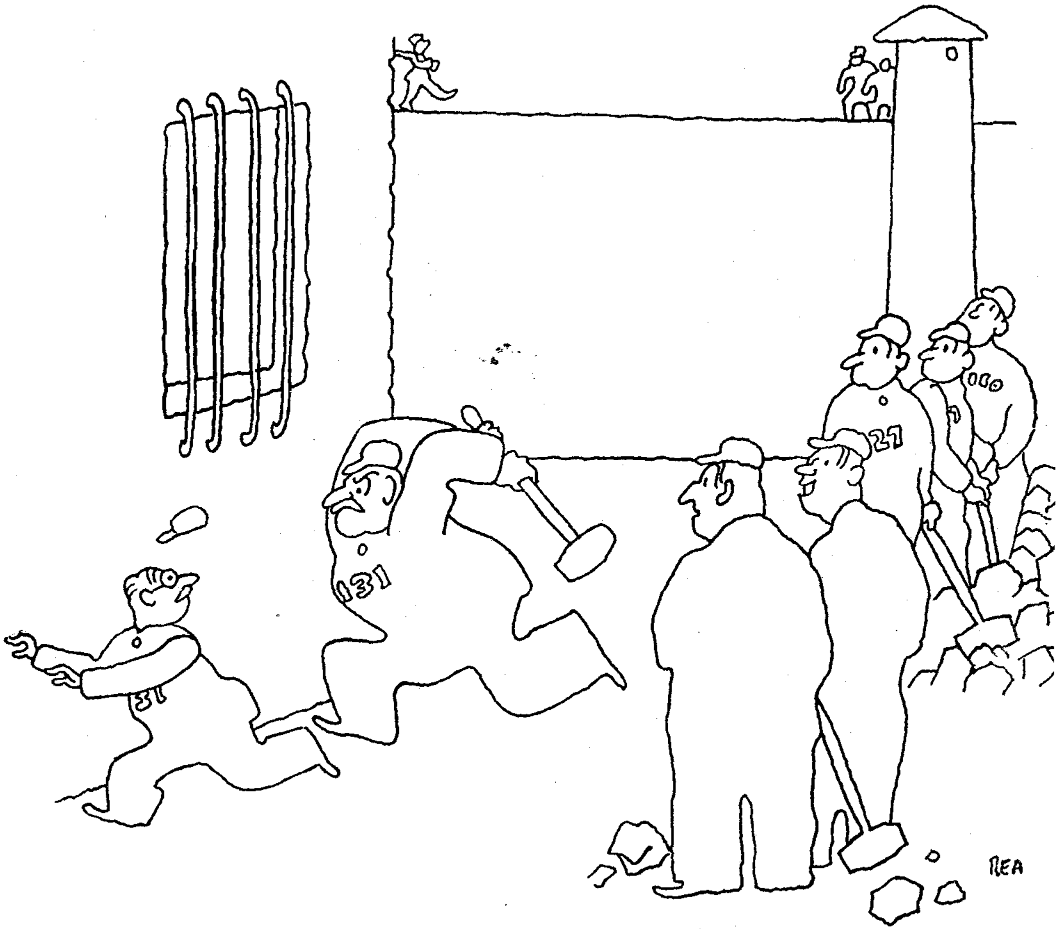
THE FOAMY FIELDS~IV

SLEEP in the Hotel Léon, which was the colloquial name of a shack on a Tunisian airfield in which I lived for a while not so long ago, was usually interrupted in the gray hour before dawn by the jangle of a field telephone that spoke French. Then Léon, the French liaison officer at our post, who had had the shack built according to his specifications and whom the rest of us residents called *Monsieur le patron*, would sit up and pull the telephone from the holster in which it hung at the foot of his bed. He slept wearing all the clothes he possessed, which included several sweaters, a long military overcoat, and a muffler. When he grabbed the phone, he would say, "*Allo! Oui?*" (The rest of us sometimes would sing "Sweet Allo, Oui" to the tune of "Sweet Eloise.") The French voice at the other end of the phone was almost always audible, and, so that the half-awake American officers in the shack would get the idea of what was going on, Léon would reply in a hybrid jargon. He would say, for example, "One *ennemi apparait* flying sousewest over point 106? *Merci, mon capitaine.*" Then he would hang up and fall back into bed, muttering, "*Imbécile*, why he don't fly west? He will be losted."

A partition divided Léon's shack into a bedroom, in which four of us slept side by side, and an office, in which only two slept. In the bedroom were Léon, Major Phillip Cochran, an Associated Press correspondent named Norgaard, and myself. A captain named Robert Wylie and Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Vincent Sheean slept in the office. We would try to ignore Léon's first morning call, but before long there would be another; Cochran, the operations officer at the field, would be asking what was going on, and we would hear the roar of the motors down on the field being warmed up for the dawn patrol and the morning missions. Then we would hear Wylie clattering around our stove in his G.I. shoes and there would be a glow in the shack when he put the match to the paper with which he started the fire. Wylie, who wasn't a flying officer, always tried to have the shack warm by the time Cochran got up, and he wanted the Major to stay in bed until the last minute. He was as solicitous as a trainer with a favorite colt, and the rest of us benefited from the care he took of Cochran, because we didn't get up early, either. Wylie is a wiry man with a high forehead and a pepper-and-salt mustache. He wears glasses and looks like an advertising artist's conception of an executive who is in good humor because he has had an excellent night's sleep owing to Sanka. He is a highly adaptable man. After Wylie had puttered around for a while, we would sit up one by one and stretch and complain about being disturbed or about the cold and then go outside to wash. Mornings on which the anti-aircraft opened up against early visitors, the tempo was accelerated. Cochran undressed at night by loosening the knot in his tie and drew it tight again in the morning as a sign that he was dressed. These were symbolic gestures he never omitted.

On the morning of the fifth and last day of a small private war during which the Germans had been trying hard to knock out our field, it was the anti-aircraft that brought us out of bed. We scrambled for the door, lugging our tin hats, our toothbrushes, and our canteens. The Germans were already almost over our field, but they were quite high, since our patrol planes had engaged them on the way in and they could not break off the fight to strafe us. The German planes were single-engined fighters, which sometimes carry wing or belly bombs, but this time they were not bombing. Some of the defending planes were marked with the tricolor *cocarde* of the French Army. It was, I suppose, a historic combat, because the pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille, which was stationed at the field, were making the first French air fight against the Germans since the armistice of 1940. The Escadrille, which had been equipped with a number of our Curtiss P-40's in Morocco, had been with us only a few days.

As we watched, a plane fell, apparently far on the other side of a ridge of mountains near the field, and we yelled happily, thinking it was a Messerschmitt. After the fight we were to learn that it had been a P-40 with a French sergeant pilot. Cochran kept up an expert running commentary on what all the pilots were trying to do, but he frequently didn't know which were French



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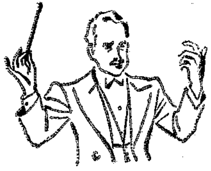

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and which Germans. During the battle we simultaneously watched and brushed our teeth. A couple of the French planes landed on the field while the others were still fighting, so we knew that they must have been shot up. Finally, one group of planes above the field started away and the others chased them, but the first planes simply outclimbed their pursuers and left them behind; then there was no longer any doubt about which were Messerschmitts and which were Curtisses. One German plane remained over the field, at perhaps thirty thousand feet, even after the rest of the invaders had disappeared. "That's what kills me," Cochran said, pointing to the lone plane. "There's that sucker stooging around and casing the joint for a future job and he's so high nobody can bother him." Finally the stooge, evidently having found out all he wanted to know, took his leisurely departure.

A group of P-40's from one of the two American P-40 squadrons at the field rose to relieve the Lafayettes, and the French planes came buzzing in like bees settling on a sugared stick. In a few minutes Kostia Rozanoff, commandant of the Escadrille, and his pilots had gathered in Léon's shack to discuss the fight. All of them had had combat experience in 1939 and 1940, but the engagement this morning had been the *rentrée*, and they were as excited as if they had never seen a Messerschmitt before. Despite the fact that they were old hands, Cochran said, they had fought recklessly, climbing up to meet the Messerschmitts instead of waiting until the Germans dived. "If they don't dive," Cochran had frequently warned his own pilots, "you just don't fight." The French pilots' ardor had got them a beating, for besides the pilot whom we had seen fall and who, Rozanoff said, had not bailed out and was quite certainly killed, the two planes that had landed during the combat were riddled and would be of no use except for salvage, and one of their pilots had been wounded. The Germans apparently had suffered no damage at all. Rozanoff, a chunky, blond man who gets his name, as well as his coloring and his high cheekbones, from his Russian ancestry, is thirty-seven and has a deep voice, like Chaliapin's. He said that the pilot who had been killed was his wing man and he could not understand how he had failed to see the Messerschmitt that had attacked him from the rear. "I cry him turn," Rozanoff kept saying. "I turn. He turns not. Poor little one."

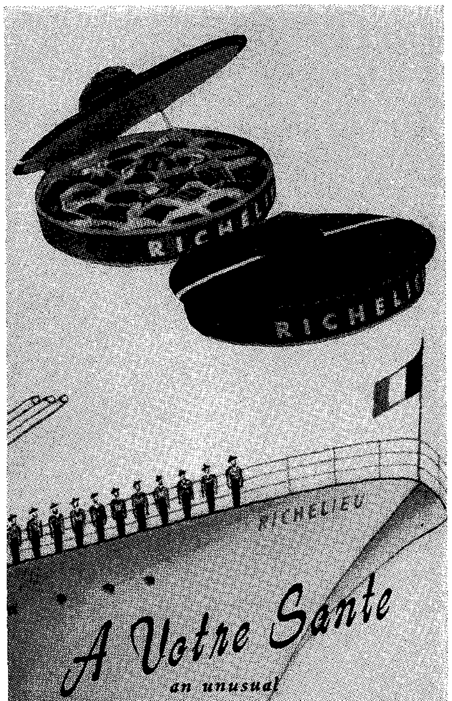
It was extremely sad that the first Escadrille combat had not been a victory; it would have been such a fine story to bolster French morale all over the world. I remembered the sergeant pilot, who had been a likable fellow. An officer of the district gendarmerie brought the sergeant's wedding ring back to the field later in the morning.

MY friend Norgaard and I had chosen that Friday for our departure from the field. We were going in to the big city, where the censors and the cable offices were, to write some stuff and get it off. There was air transportation between our field and the more settled places to the west, where staff officers and diplomats lived, but the service did not run on a formal schedule. Big Douglas transports skimmed in over the mountains once and sometimes twice a day, carrying mail and supplies, and they usually had room for passengers going back. They came at a different hour each day to make it as hard as possible for the Germans to waylay them. When they came, they stayed merely as long as was necessary, and the only way to be sure of a ride was to have your bedding roll made up and to stay near the landing field waiting for the transports to appear. When they did, an officer would drive you and your luggage out to them in a jeep and you would get your stuff aboard. Norgaard and I hung around in front of our shack that morning, waiting. As the day wore on, a strong wind came up and blew great clouds of sand. At about eleven o'clock two transports arrived, escorted by some Spitfires. Cochran had planned to drive us down to the transports, but he was called to the telephone, and Major Robert Christman, the C.O. of one P-40 squadron, said that he would drive us instead.

When we arrived where the transports were standing on the runway, the transport captain, whose name, I noted from the leather strip on the breast of his flying jacket, was Lively, came over to the jeep and asked where his Spits could get gas. His ship was named the Scarlett O'Hara. He and Christman started discussing what was the quickest way to get the gas. Christman and Norgaard and I stayed in the jeep. Dust was blowing over the field a mile a minute. Suddenly Christman looked over his shoulder, called on God, and vanished. Within a moment Lively was also gone. I turned around to speak to Norgaard, and discovered that he too had evaporated. I hate to sit in an empty jeep when I don't know why the other passengers have jumped. I do not remember actually getting out myself, but I know that I was already running when I heard somebody yell, "Hit the dirt!" Under the circumstances, this sounded so sensible that I bellyflopped to the ground, and I landed so hard that I skinned my knees and elbows. No surface in the world offers less cover than a runway. I regretted that my body, which is thick, was not thinner. I could guess what had happened: German strafers had ridden in on the dust storm and nobody had seen them until they opened fire. I knew that the very nasty noises above me were being made by airplane cannon and that the even nastier ones close to me came from the detonation of the small explosive shells they fire. The strafers, I figured, were heading for the transports—large, expensive, unarmored jobs that you could punch holes in with a beer-can opener. I was therefore in line with the target and was very sorry to be where I was.

As soon as there was a lull in the noises overhead, I got up and ran toward the edge of the runway to get away from the transports, but more noises came before I made it, so I flopped again. After they had passed, I got up and ran off the runway. I saw a soldier in a fine, large hole nearly six feet deep. He shouted, "Come right in, sir!" You can have Oscar of the Waldorf any time; I will always remember that soldier as my favorite host. I jumped in and squeezed up against him. Almost immediately the noises came a third time and two transport pilots jumped down on my back. I was astonished that I had been able to outrun such relatively young men.

By this time all of our machine guns along the edges of the field were firing away, and there was a fourth pass, as the fliers say, and a loud crash, as if one of the Germans had dropped a bomb. A minute or two later the noise began to die down. Looking up from the bottom of the hole, we could see a man descending in a parachute. The big, white chute was swaying this way and that in the wind. The man had an awful time landing. We could see that even from a distance. The chute dragged him and bounced hell out of him after he landed. Afterward, word got around the field that he was an American. I didn't find out until a couple of days later, though, that the man with the chute had been a fellow called Horse, a big, square-bearded, twenty-five-year-old Texan pilot I had come to know well. In landing, he hit his head against the ground and suffered a concussion of the brain. They put him in an ambulance and started for the nearest hospital, which



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was forty miles by road, but he had bad luck. The Germans had been strafing that road, too, that morning, and when the ambulance got within five miles of the hospital, it was blocked by two burning ammunition trucks. The shells on the trucks were exploding. The squadron surgeon and the ambulance-driver put Horse on a stretcher and carried him around the trucks to a safe point on the other side, and an ambulance from the hospital came out to pick him up, but by the time it got there he was dead.

When the shooting at the field was over, the pilots and the soldier and I got out of the hole and walked back toward the transports, which were still there. Norgaard climbed out of another hole not far away. He said that when he had jumped out of the jeep he had crawled under it, and there he had found a transport lieutenant who had had the same idea. They had given up the jeep after the first pass and run for it, just as I had already done. We stared at the parallel furrows the Messerschmitt cannon had plowed down the runway, as if they had been the teeth of a rake, and ourselves the field mice between them. The transport boys borrowed our jeep to get gas for the Spits, which had been immobilized during the raid because their tanks were empty. When the boys came back, we climbed into one of the transports. The big planes took off almost immediately. "Leave them laughing," Norgaard said to me when he recovered sufficient breath to say anything.

WE learned later that the strafing had been done by eight Messerschmitts flying in four loose pairs, and that was why there had been four passes. Another Messerschmitt, making a run by itself, had dropped one bomb, ineffectually. There had also been a high cover of Messerschmitts; one of them had accounted for Horse. We were told that Cochran had said, with a hint of admiration in his voice, "It is getting so that the Germans patrol our field for us." A lot of Air Forces generals who were on a tour of inspection visited the field shortly after we left, said that the situation was very grave, and left, too. This point in the war over the field may be compared to the one in a Western movie at which the villain has kicked hell out of the heroine and just about wrestled her to the brink of ruin in a locked room.

At about two-thirty that same afternoon the Lafayette Escadrille was patrolling the field, in the company of two pilots from the American P-40 squadron that was commanded by a

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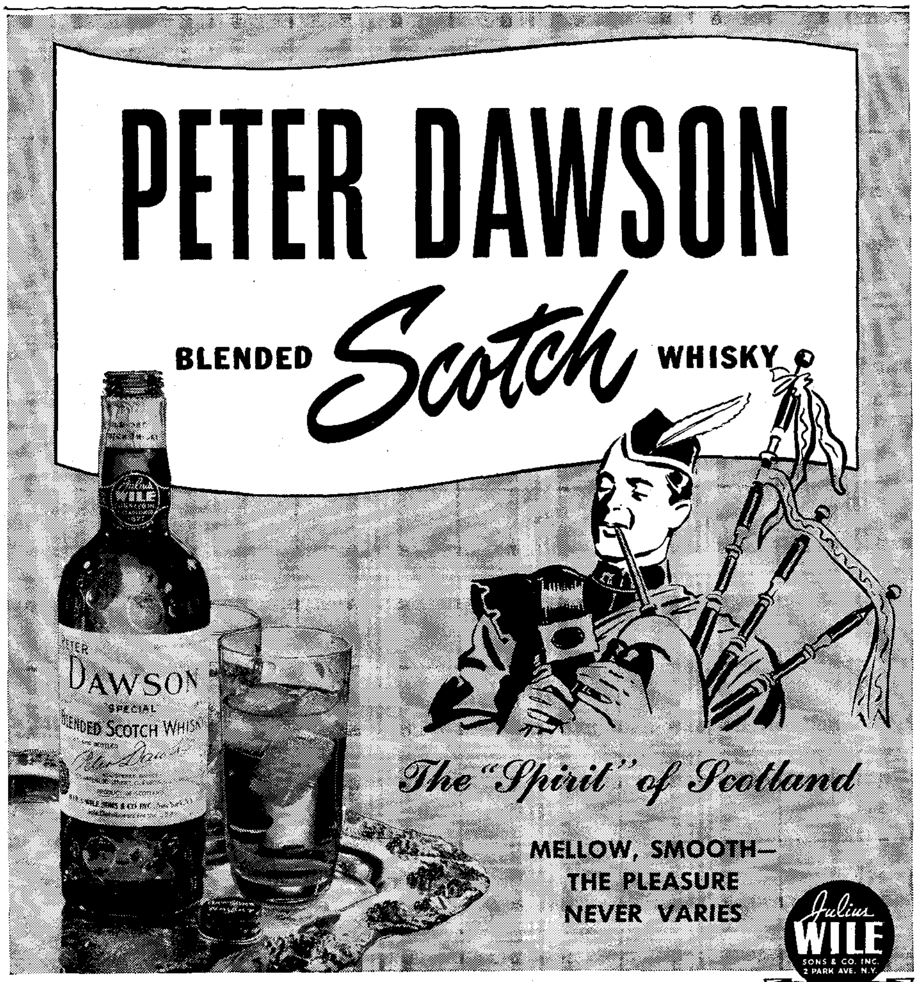
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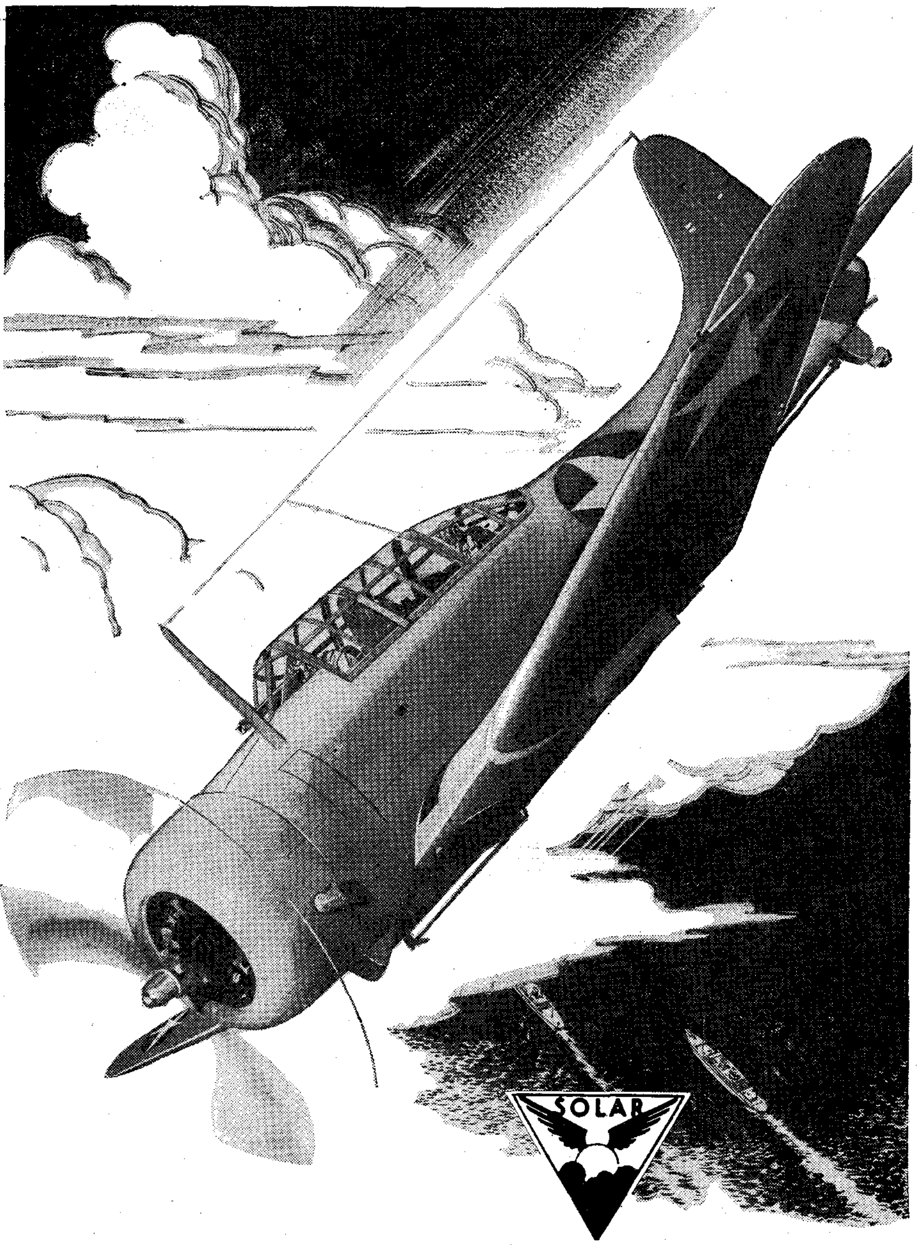
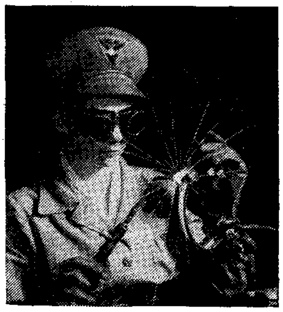
Major Hubbard. This squadron had its full complement of pilots but only five planes. The pilots took turns flying the five ships, so they were not getting a great deal of practice. Nevertheless, Hubbard's squadron had already scored two victories that week. The two American pilots in the air were Hubbard and a man named Beggs. Two of their mates, Boone and Smith, were on the ground on alert call, sitting in their planes ready to reinforce the patrol if they were called.

This field didn't have one of those elaborate radio airplane-detectors that warn swank airdromes of the approach of enemy aircraft. It had to rely on its patrol system and on tips that watchers telephoned in. The tipsters were not infallible, as Norgaard and I had noticed that morning, and in the afternoon they slipped up again. Ten Junkers 88 bombers unexpectedly appeared, flying toward the field at three thousand feet. There was an escort of four fighters, unusually small for so many bombers, flying high above them and, as someone described it to me, acting oddly uninterested. The Frenchmen on patrol, also flying high, made one swipe at the escort and it disappeared, not to be seen again. Nine of the bombers were flying in three loose V's and one ship was trailing the third V. Hubbard took the bomber on the right of the first V and shot it down. Beggs got the middle one and a Frenchman knocked down the one on the left. The other Junkers had begun to drop their bombs. Boone and Smith came up off the field through the falling bombs to join the battle. Hubbard shot down another plane, and Boone, who had never fired a shot at a man or a plane before, came up behind one Junkers and blasted it out of the sky; it caromed against another Junkers on the way down, which gave Boone two planes with one burst of fire. He went on to destroy two more. Smith, opening fire at extreme range for fear that he would be shut out, blew the rudder off another Junkers, which also crashed. The tenth Junkers headed for home, but it never got there; the French picked off that one. It was the jack pot, ten out of ten. It was also the end of the five-day war over our airfield. No producer of Westerns ever wound up a film more satisfactorily. The Germans stayed away, in fact, for nineteen days and then came back only once, for a quick sneak raid.

Of the ten German bomber crews, only four men came out of the fight alive and two of these died in the hos-





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pital. The two others said that the ten bombers had been escorted by four Italian Macchi C. 202 fighters, which had deserted them. Why the Luftwaffe should have entrusted four Macchis with the protection of ten Junkers 88's is harder to explain than the result. The Germans, fortunately for our side, sometimes vary their extreme guile with extreme stupidity.

I DIDN'T have a chance to return to the airfield for about ten days, and then I stopped in on my way down to Gafsa, where the Americans were supposed to be launching a ground offensive. Captain Wylie, who told me about the big day at the field, said that Boone had come into the operations shack looking rather incredulous himself. "Probably I'm crazy," he had said to Wylie, "but I *think* I just shot down four planes." The Frenchmen thought up a gag. They said it was a victory for three nations—"The Americans shot down seven planes, we shot down two, and the Italians shot down the tenth so the crew couldn't tell on them."

The Americans left the field undefeated, for the two P-40 squadrons were relieved not long afterward by other outfits and sent back from the fighting zone to rest. Christman's squadron had been fighting there steadily for two months. I met the fellows from Christman's bunch again while I was trying to get a ride into civilization from another airfield, a bit west of the one where they had been stationed. A lot of trucks drove up and deposited the officers and men of the squadron on the field, with their weapons, their barracks bags, and their bedding rolls. Christman was there, and Private Otto, the squadron barber, and Corporal Jake Goldstein, the reformed songwriter. I renewed my acquaintance with a pilot named Fackler, whom I remembered especially because he had once, finding himself flying formation with two Messerschmitts who thought he was another Messerschmitt, shot one of them down, and I again met Thomas, the Oklahoma boy who had been lost in the air one night and had been lighted home by the fire of the field's anti-aircraft guns, and a non-flying lieutenant named Lamb, who used to practice law in New York, and a dozen others. I felt as if I had known them all for a long time.

Eleven transports came in to take the squadron west, and I arranged to travel in one of them. I was in the lead ship of the flight, and the transport major who commanded it told me that his orders were to drop the squadron at a field

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only about an hour's flight away. Then the transports would go on to their base, taking me along with them. It was pleasant to see the faces of the P-40 boys aboard my transport when it took off. They didn't know anything about the field they were going to, but they knew that they were going for a rest, so they expected that there would at least be huts and showers there. They looked somewhat astonished when the transports settled down in a vast field of stubble without a sign of a building anywhere around it. There were a few B-25 bombers on the field and in the distance some tents. A transport sergeant came out of the pilot's compartment forward in our plane and worked his way toward the tail of our ship, climbing over the barracks bags heaped in the space between the seats. "I guess this is where you get out," he told the P-40 fellows.

A couple of soldiers jumped out and the rest began passing out bags and rifles to them. Pretty soon all the stuff was piled outside the plane and the soldiers were standing on the field, turning their backs to a sharp wind and audibly wondering where the hell the barracks were. A jeep with an officer in it drove out from among the tents and made its way among the transports until it arrived at our ship. The transport major talked to the officer in the jeep, and then they both drove over to the transport Christman was travelling in and picked him up, and the three of them drove back to the tents. Some soldiers who had been near the jeep had heard the field's officer say that nobody there had been notified that they were coming. The transport major had replied that all he knew was that he had orders to leave them there. The soldiers who had heard the conversation communicated the news to the others by Army telegraphy. "Situation normal!" one soldier called out, and everybody laughed. Soldiers are fatalistic about such situations.

Some time before a report had circulated among the men that the squadron was to go back to the United States. Now I heard one soldier say, "This don't look like no United States to me."

Another one said, "When we get back there, Freddie Bartholomew will be running for President." He didn't seem sore.

Somebody said, "I hear they're going to start us here and let us hack our way through to South Africa."

Somebody else began a descant on a favorite Army fantasy: what civilian life will be like after the war. "I bet if

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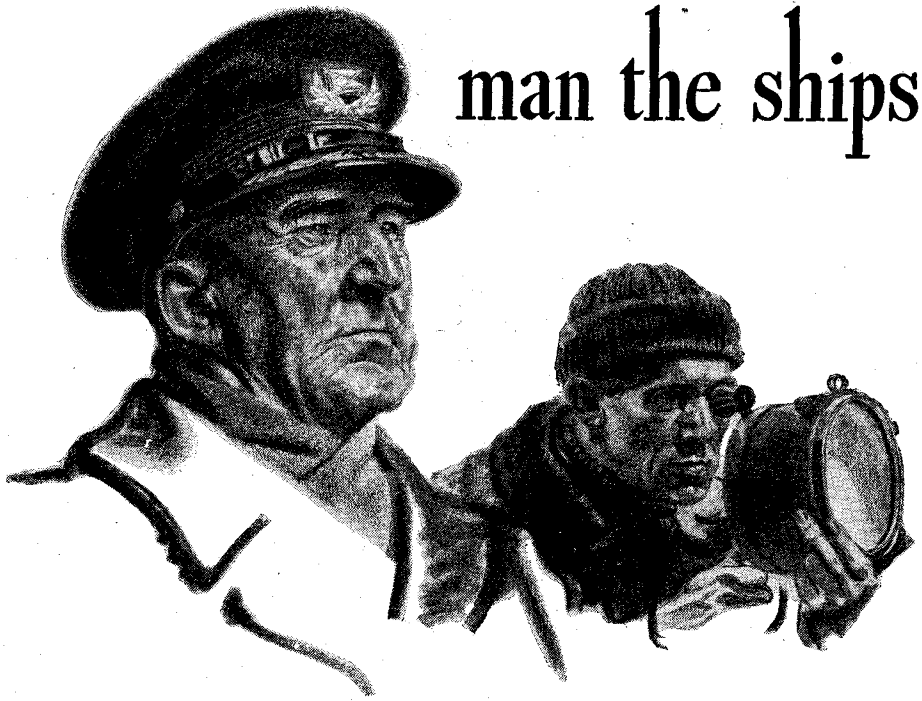

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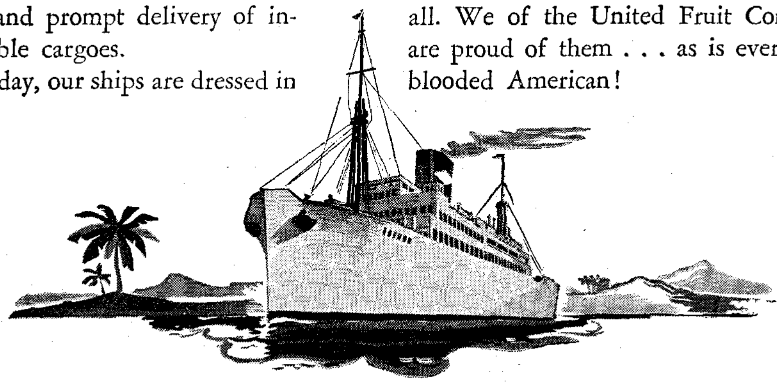
Travelers and merchants of the Americas look forward to the day when the Great White Fleet may once more ply a peaceful Caribbean. Meanwhile, all honor to the men of the Merchant Marine—heroes all. We of the United Fruit Company are proud of them . . . as is every red-blooded American!



Great White Fleet

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SHIPS FOR VICTORY

Buy War Bonds and Stamps . . . regularly

my wife gives me a piece of steak," he said, "I'll say to her, 'What the hell is this? Give me stew.' "

Another one said, "I bet she'll be surprised when you jump into bed with all your clothes on."

The delicacy of their speculations diminished from there on.

After a while the jeep came back. The transport major got out and said, "There seems to be some mistake. You'd better put your stuff back in the ship." We all got back into the planes, and the major told me that this obviously wasn't the place to leave the men but that he would have to wait until base operations could get headquarters on the telephone and find out their destination. We sat in the planes for an hour; then another officer came out in a jeep and said that nobody at headquarters knew anything about the squadron, so the major had better not take it any place else. The major told his sergeant to instruct the men to take their luggage off the planes. "We enjoy doing this. It's no trouble at all," one of the soldiers in my plane said. The transports took off and left them standing there. I learned later that they eventually got straightened out. After two or three days someone at headquarters remembered them; the pilots were sent to western Morocco and the ground echelon was moved to another field.

ALL this happened what seems now to be long ago, in the pioneer days of the American Army in Tunisia. The old field, from which I had watched the five-day war, was never knocked out from the air, but it was taken by German ground troops with tanks, and then the Americans took it back and went on. The Hotel Léon, if the Germans hadn't burned it, was certainly full of booby traps for the Americans when they got there. I shouldn't like to have slept in it. Léon is now in a large Algerian city, where he has been assigned to a calmer liaison job. Cochran has been promoted and decorated and posted to a new command. A lot of very fine fellows are dead, and I like to think that the best possible use was made of them.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the last of a series of articles about an airfield somewhere in southern Tunisia.*)

•

A glass of milk and a light smack at bedtime are relaxing.—*Minneapolis Daily Times.*

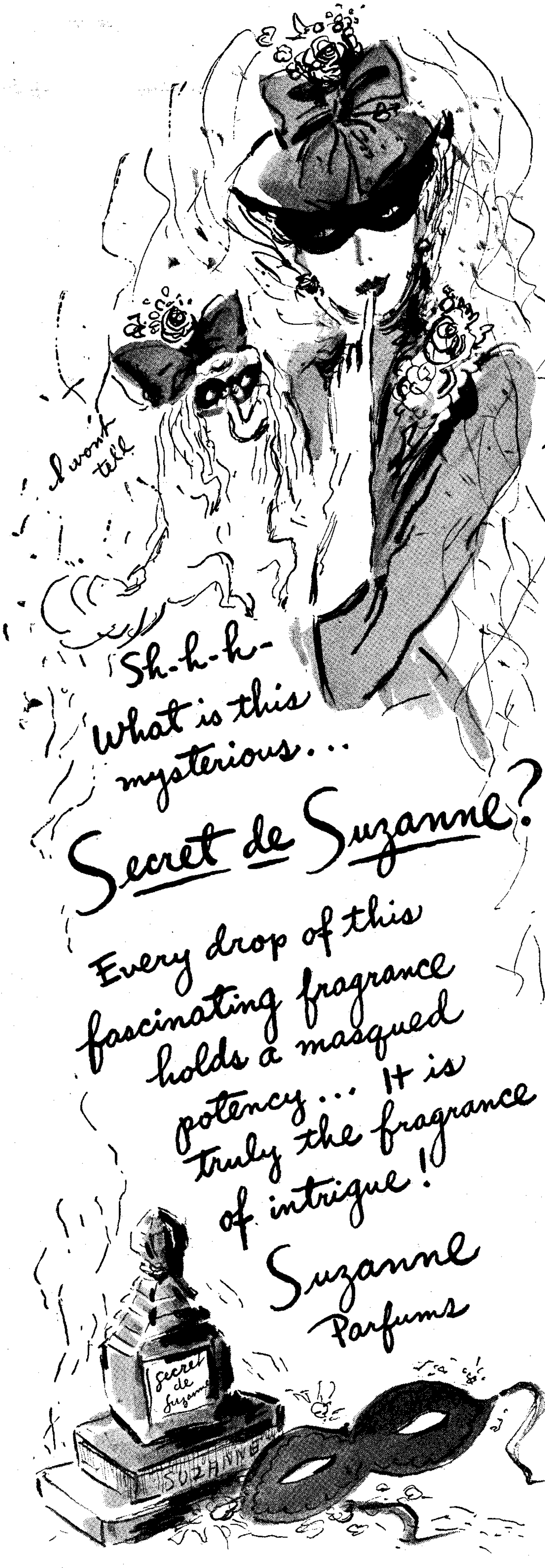
Never mind the milk.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Westward Ho!

IT is obvious that the soldier cameramen who filmed "Desert Victory," the new British documentary about the Eighth Army's exploits of the past winter, were considered just about as expendable as anybody else. As a matter of fact, four of them were killed, seven wounded, and six taken prisoner in making the picture. In the finished product there are scenes that clearly involved a 5—1 chance of survival at best, and there were probably other, more perilous ones undertaken that didn't come off. Aside from whatever technical use the British have been able to make of the picture, the casualties they suffered in its production can perhaps best be justified by the confidence it will instill in their allies, not to speak of their own folks back home. It demonstrates, at least to the layman, that, given equipment and time for solid preparation, this particular United Nation can wage one nifty campaign. Incidentally, it shows, too, that the same party can put together a very good war documentary.

As the curtain rises, we find the army, under General Auchinleck, holing in with its back to the wall at El Alamein. Then comes Churchill's visit to the troops, followed by the assumption of command by Generals Alexander and Montgomery and the long ensuing period of supplying and planning. Then, just before the offensive starts, there are diagrams which show the disposition of the Germans, Italians, and British and the plans of battle of both sides, all of which are naturally helpful to orchestra and balcony strategists. After that comes the zero hour, the sudden, deafening opening of the British barrage, and the infantry advance that was the first step back toward Tobruk, Tripoli, and points west. Along the road and above it there are tank engagements, dogfights, and strafings. There are also German and Italian prisoners and, with them, captured film showing Rommel's triumphant reception by Hitler in Berlin not long before. In contrast to this hollow ceremony, the British have worked out a cool little bit of British formality. Early in the picture you see, projected on the screen, a directive dated August 15, 1942, addressed to General Alexander and signed by Winston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The *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

Churchill, saying, approximately, "Your assignment is the destruction of the German-Italian army commanded by Field Marshal Rommel in Africa." At the end comes a memorandum addressed to Winston Churchill by General Alexander on his arrival in Tripoli in February, 1943, and saying, in effect, "O.K. What next?"

THE liveliest fiction on view this week is probably "Edge of Darkness," in which Warner Brothers takes its turn in the general salute to Norway. It's not a good idea to see both "The Moon Is Down" and this one without a couple of weeks' layoff in between. Both are about occupied Norwegian towns and the underground resistance of the townspeople. In both the Germans are driven half crazy by the sustained hostility with which they are received and in both there are Germans who have streaks of humanity in them. In both, also, there are minor Quislings. Finally, both are worth seeing, with an edge, possibly, in favor of "Edge." The characterizations in it seem a little rounder, at least in the lesser rôles. The main rôles, played by Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan, are there chiefly for vim, vigor, and love interest, but quite a lot of care has been taken in such lesser ones, for example, as the mild-mannered doctor who can be driven only so far (Walter Huston), the ironbound hotel proprietress (Judith Anderson), the half-witted storekeeper (Roman Bohnen), and the practical farmer (Art Smith). Certainly there is undiluted brutality in "Edge of Darkness," if that's what you're after.

"HANGMEN ALSO DIE," featuring Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee, and Walter Brennan, is about resistance to the Germans taking place under ground that is a little further south—in Czechoslovakia, to be exact. The story begins with the killing of a prominent figure closely modelled after the late Reichsprotektor Heydrich and proceeds with the efforts of the Gestapo to turn up the assassin. They suspect Mr. Donlevy, and rightly, but getting the goods on him is another matter. The pursuit is led by a villainous little flatfoot, played by Alexander Granach, who really ranks high among plug-uglies of the screen. What with him to supply the horror, a reasonably sound cast to go with him, and plenty of twistings and turnings of plot to keep your mind on, there are the makings of a full evening in this item. It's conceivable, though, that some of the details of present-day

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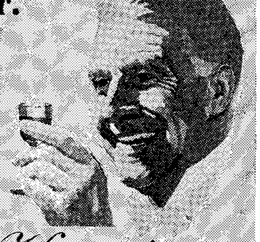

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life in Czechoslovakia are based on conjecture.

THE dialogue in "Flight for Freedom" is a bit too fast for comfort, partly because it is of that racy, glib, and, by the way, meaningless sort that makes the head whirl and partly because Fred MacMurray, who participates in a good deal of it, talks like a house afire. Trying to keep up with him are Rosalind Russell and Herbert Marshall, who, in his English way, is something of a speedster himself. MacMurray plays the part of a flier who doesn't approve of women fliers and Miss Russell plays the part of a woman flier. Mr. Marshall is a plane designer who approves strongly of this one woman flier but can't have her because MacMurray changes his mind. There are also historical angles to the story, including what seems to be some kind of inside tip on the death of Amelia Earhart Putnam. If that's what it's actually meant to be, it appears rather fanciful.

THERE are two new musicals knocking around. One is called "Something to Shout About," with Don Ameche, William Gaxton, Jack Oakie, Janet Blair, Hazel Scott, and a score by Cole Porter. Ameche just races in and out with his hat on the back of his head, Gaxton and Oakie are good in infrequent spots, Miss Blair has too much to do, Miss Scott hasn't enough, and the score is only mediocre, the featured song being "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." The other musical is "Hit Parade of 1943," with John Carroll and Susan Hayward, and it's so nice to come home from. —DAVID LARDNER

•

The smile that blazed on his white face made Perry think of a 200-watt bulb clicked on suddenly with a switch.—*From "Eddie and the Archangel Mike," by Barry Benefield, page 65.*

There was his 200-watt smile again. —*Ibid., page 67.*

"Only Sirocco, please," Mike said, the quick 200-watt smile on his white face. —*Ibid., page 142.*

"The gym's not for me today, Miss Perry," Mike said, flashing his great smile that well-nigh blinded a body, and then switching it quickly off and turning on the nice little 50-watt smile.—*Ibid., page 173.*

When Perry reached him, he said, turning on his 200-watt smile . . .—*Ibid., page 267.*

Mike reached over and put his right arm around Eddie's shoulders, and the 200-watt smile was on his face.—*Ibid., page 306.*

Mike said quickly, the little 50-watt smile on his face . . . —*Ibid., page 308.*

Check your battery, bud?

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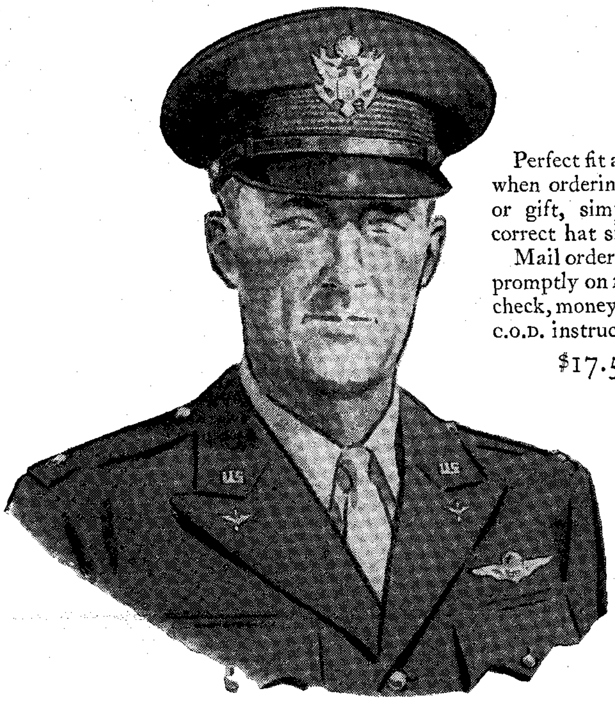

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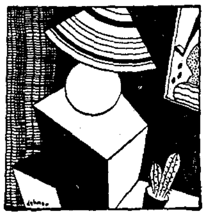
ABOUT THE HOUSE

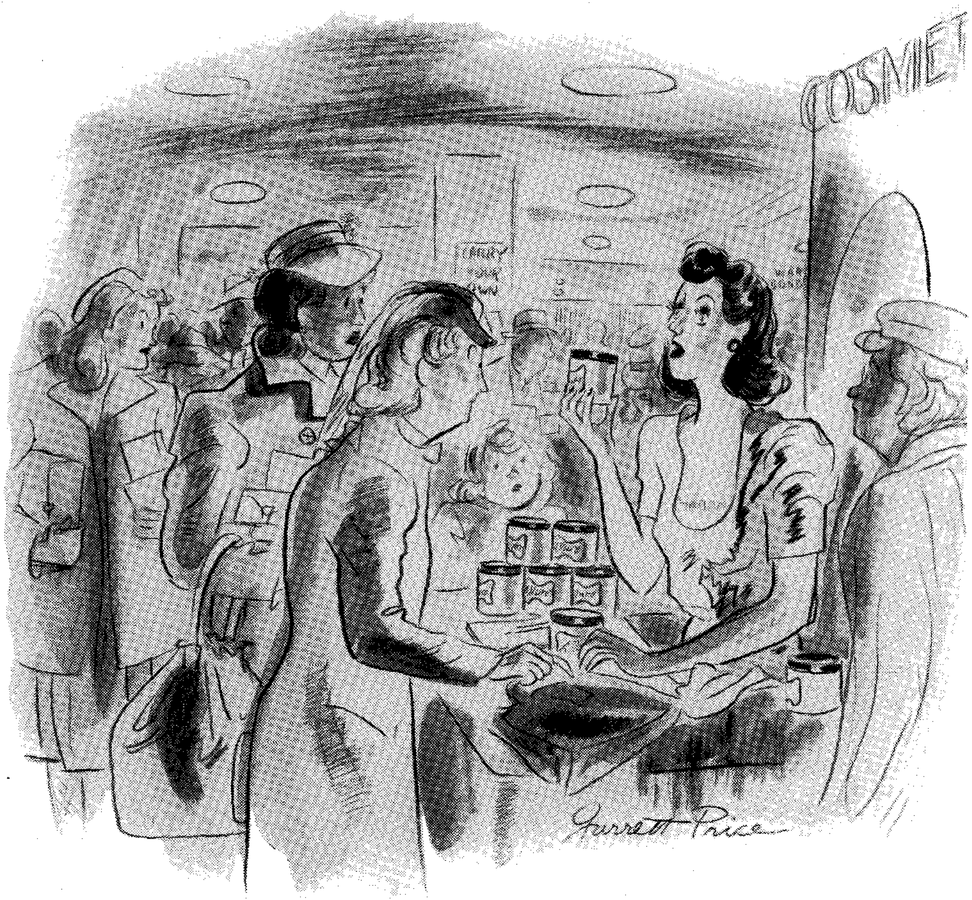


IN a spirit of perversity entirely in keeping with the general goings on in an upside-down world, a wave of interest in furniture seems to be sweeping the town just as the daffodils are poking through the mud of early spring, fruit-tree and dogwood buds are swelling, and attention everywhere should be turning out of doors rather than in.

Evidences of this untimely trend have cropped up this month at such diversified spots as the Waldorf-Astoria, where the New York Antiques Exposition was held a couple of weeks ago; at Georg Jensen's silver-and-porcelain shop, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd); at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and, of all places, at Greenwich House, down on Barrow Street. Of these, the Greenwich House contribution is naturally the most unexpected offering. The surprised auditorium of a settlement house totally unused to such affairs is the scene of the first get-together in history of Greenwich Village antique shops. The event is an exhibit of old furniture and objets d'art which includes a room furnished entirely with antiques from John Wanamaker. The show will be open from noon until eleven at night on April 16th, 17th, and 18th, and most of the admission charge of fifty-five cents goes to Greenwich House for the furtherance of its good works. This exhibit ought to provide a fine opportunity for uptown antique-hunters to find out about some old-furniture sources well away from the familiar Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street beats.

Next, the Metropolitan has chosen this month for an exhibition of photographs and water-color drawings of the home crafts of the Shakers, that strange American sect which flourished in the middle of the nineteenth century and followed the precepts of a lady known as Mother Ann, who believed that orderliness was next to godliness and helped to develop a furniture style based on the principle of having a place for everything and everything in its place. The pictures in the Metropolitan show are splendidly chosen to illustrate this principle and are being displayed to the public in the hope that the pieces they portray will inspire amateur carpenters to try their hands at copying. I think you'll agree that this is a worth-while idea and not too difficult for anyone who can handle a hammer and saw with reasonable skill, for in all Shaker design utter simplicity of line is combined with an ingenious use of space, which always seems to be at a premium in modern houses. The illustrations of built-in units for every kind of household storage may well startle complacent modernists who believe that functionalism is their own invention. Among the detached pieces pictured, two in particular rate the attention of anyone who feels that furniture should earn its keep by doing more than merely filling up vacant floor space. One is a sewing cabinet built in the form of a table-height chest, with an extension top that serves as a cutting board when opened out and with innumerable compartments for all the equipment a seamstress needs. If you aren't an amateur carpenter yourself, have a professional build you one of these handy, handsome chests, stock it with sewing aids from Macy (they have things like hem-markers and so on) and you'll be as well set up as any professional for the stitching of clothing, curtains, slipcovers, and sundries which women are being urged to take up seriously as a means of maintaining adequate supplies of such articles while the war goes on. The other piece is a double desk, built as a unit but distinctly for two people. With its twin drop fronts for writing and its duplicate storage compartments, it should be coveted by anyone who has ever had to share a desk with someone else.

As it happens, there is a relationship of a sort between the starkly simple Shaker things of the Metropolitan's show and the new modern furniture at Georg Jensen, although no one could possibly accuse the designers of Jensen's wares of plagiarism. While the pale, natural-finish woods and the avoidance of gimcrack decoration characteristic of Shaker furniture are also admired by the Jensen craftsmen, the sameness lies not nearly so much in appearance as in a basic functionalism. There's a flat-top desk with, aside from the customary catch-all drawers, a compartment shaped and sized to accommodate a



"It's done wonders for me personally. I expect to get a decent job in a week or two."

removable letter file or a typewriter; a pocket on the inside of the compartment door will hold your telephone directory. This piece is $225. A lady's writing desk, also flat-topped but more delicately fashioned, has slim, spraddled legs; $140. Similar legs uphold a bar cabinet with space for bottles and equipment behind double doors and with a top that opens out to make a generous work and serving surface; $150. Then there are endless tables, small and large, including a drop-leaf one of dining size, simple and lovely and reminiscent of the best Colonial types ($85), and a round table, a full yard in diameter and with a china plate sunk in its centre to serve as an ashtray or what not ($45; the plate, from Jensen's peerless Royal Copenhagen collection, is extra.) My favorite, though, is a tea table with graceful crisscross legs and a forty-inch circular top that's split and hinged in the middle—right along the grain of the wood, where you'd never notice it—so that the whole thing may be folded flat. This is $65 and so beautiful I can't imagine anyone ever really wanting to put it away, however practical the folding feature may be. In general, these pieces have natural mahogany tops and dark walnut legs, but you may have them to order in a variety of woods.

SAVING life and limb having become a patriotic duty, Lewis & Conger's current avoid-accidents-at-home window displays ought to have far more practical results than merely creating a pedestrian traffic jam at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. In them is an array of concrete suggestions for cutting down on last year's appalling record of domestic mishaps (3,100,000 people injured without stirring out of doors, in case you're interested in grim statistics), with emphasis on the hazard of slipping in the tub or shower. To overcome this common household danger, they offer the Savafal foot grip, a kind of rubber sandal with suction cups underneath ($2.35 a pair, and undoubtedly put out as a wartime substitute for the non-skid rubber mats of old); great balls of soap on rope slings to go around your neck, so that you can't drop your soap in the shower stall and skid on it ($1 each); and a remarkable liquid called Arrêt, which, sprayed into the tub or on the floor of your shower compartment, puts at least a temporary end to slipperiness. This is $1.25 a bottle, including an atomizer attachment. Some of the other things shown wouldn't strike you as being safety devices unless you saw them in a dis-

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play of this kind. One is a wooden wall rack for garden hoses, to keep the coils off the ground, where you might trip over them ($1.95). However, items like good, steady step stools ($7.95) and two-quart bottles of Pings, the flameproofing preparation for curtains and other vulnerable fabric affairs ($1), should make immediate sense to anyone. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Tried and True

ONLY a little less shabby a spectacle than the American woman who is resolved to eat her way through the war as comfortably as extravagant buying will allow is her sister who makes a patriotic duty of eating badly. This sorry figure may be more virtuous, but she is almost equally unpleasant to have around. Maybe before the war is over we shall have reason to consider a full stomach, or even a partially full stomach, the aim and end of menu-planning, but we are not at that point yet, and it is my belief that the woman who uses the present crisis as an excuse for providing her family with only the plain, bleak nourishment necessary for survival is the same woman who thought little or nothing of flavor in the first place.

Housewives trying desperately to plan a meal as rich in flavor as in vitamins should find it helpful to remember that a considerable part of the world once ate exceedingly well on much shorter rations than anything we've known to date. Just recalling some of the simple dishes which generations of Italian and French working people ate with relish will be more rewarding, I think, than all the wartime balanced diets with which the nutritionists confront us.

Thank heaven, the Italian shops along Second and Ninth Avenues and down on Bleecker Street are still prodigally stocked with an infinite variety of spaghettis, vermicellis, capellinis, and the rest. Of course, cheese presents a problem in this field, but I know of no better use to which one can put a few of one's weekly ration coupons than to provide for such plain *pasta* dishes as used to comfort country-bred Italians. One concoction of this sort is spaghetti boiled to the right firmness, drained, and turned into a saucepan in which a quantity of chopped scallions, green ends and all, have been allowed to heat (but not fry) in a little margarine or some other fat. The greens, mixed through the paste, take the curse off the starch, and the result, with a careful sprinkling of Parmesan and a liberal quantity of coarsely ground black pepper, is a very satisfying dish. Macy has an Argentine Parmesan which is as sound an investment for your coupons as you will find.

Another and fairly similar Italian peasant dish that may help you along can be prepared by heating several slices of garlic in whatever fat you have at hand, then fishing them out and tossing boiled spaghetti in the fat, grinding on a lot of black pepper, and sprinkling over with grated Parmesan. The flavor of the garlic is more muted than you would think, but all the same the dish is not recommended to those who look askance at the noble bulb.

In coming months a lot of people will either be thanking their stars for rice or grumbling at it as a dreary old bore, according to the talent of the cook who prepares it. If you are faced with the prospect of grumbling, you'll be glad to learn that a curry sauce can now be bought which gives style to anybody's rice; delicious and practically foolproof, it's sold under the name of East India Curry Sauce at the East India Curry Shop, 122 East Fifty-seventh Street, and at Altman. This is a grand, hellfire sauce, so suavely blended that only the determinedly inept can go wrong when adding the necessary fish or meat or eggs. Then whatever scraps of curry are left can be used next day in a kedgeree. All the better if next day happens to be Sunday and your kedgeree turns up at a fine, leisurely breakfast.

BREAKFAST, leisurely or otherwise, becomes more of a problem now that bacon is no longer plentiful. If you are of the same turn of mind as I am and believe that breakfast, whenever it is to be more substantial than plain coffee and orange juice, should give a quick, sharp fillip to the appetite, you will be interested in some fine bloaters I have run across at Hahn's Delicatessen, 1332 Lexington Avenue (89th). Although these are not the Yarmouth classics which we used to get before the war, they make a good, smoke-flavored breakfast dish. They should, I think, be soaked overnight in cold water before

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Here's the solution to shoe rationing. From cities—towns—hamlets—throughout America . . . worn shoes are being sent to the B. Nelson factory for NELSONIZING. Short shoes made longer—narrow shoes made wider—suede shoes changed to leather—resoled like new.
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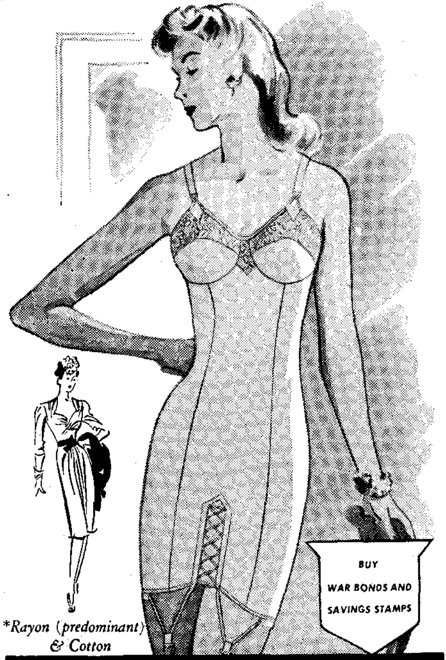

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being broiled. Not for breakfast but for almost any other time, there's the same shop's fine homemade concoction of herring in a sour-cream sauce.

COMPARED to the harried butchers in our midst, fishmongers appear to be almost untouched by shortages. Whether the men who run our first-rate fish stores are doggedly conservative or just proud, the fact is that they have made few concessions to the gastronomic difficulties of the times. Although, among butchers, even the great Shaffer himself is not above offering you the lowlier parts of a beast, not many fishmen have got around to concerning themselves with the humbler types of sea food. I find, however, that even the best of them will be quite reasonable about getting inexpensive stuff for you if you order a day in advance. Your fishman may not be willing to carry a stock which he believes belongs properly on a pushcart, but since he goes to Fulton Market every morning of his life, he probably won't mind picking up a basket of mussels for you while he's down there. Mussels, besides being delicious and by no means costly, are one of the very few fish, in or out of a shell, that require no butter in cooking. Just a few shallots, some parsley, and such, three or four egg yolks, and what's left from last night's bottle of white wine, and there you are with *moules à la poulette*, which can be, if you are any good at this sort of thing, a fine, satisfying dish. —S. H.

•

Effective March 1, the prices of the following books have been increased: "Stretching Your Dollar in Wartime," by Ruth Brindze, from $1.75 to $2....
—*Publishers' Weekly.*

Thanks, we're just browsing.

•

LOYAL, sincere, govt. eng., 31, good appear., personality & high ideals, '41 car, lovely home. Searching for beauty from within. Appreciate snapshot. Box 123, Altadena, Cal.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Would an old 1933 gall-bladder X-ray cheer you up any?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*News release from St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kans.*]

The obstacle track at St. Benedict's is no task for one who is in top physical condition. The student takes a running start and must run through a wall of boards and then meet in the form of a V.

"I Told You So"

"You didn't believe me when I told you there's a real *thrill* in staying at The Barclay in Philadelphia. Hereafter, you'll KNOW."

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RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
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LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 11 (BY CABLE)

ON the day Mr. Churchill announced the good news from Tunisia in the House, Londoners beamingly greeted each other with "So we've got 'em on the run again," as though even the puniest white-collar civilian had been right in on the attack by General Montgomery and the Eighth Army. The Russian and American successes have naturally come in for their share of the jubilation, but the cosy family feeling of being personally identified with what the boys are doing seems to have been centred on the veterans of El Alamein. If things continue the way they are going, even habitually cautious Britons will allow themselves to hope that the ribbon around this year's non-chocolate Easter egg will be the final cleanup of Tunisia.

However, the government has just firmly indicated, in an announcement of Easter holiday train schedules, which turn out to be rather stingier than the normal weekday ones, that the populace won't be allowed much of a breather in which to enjoy the triumph. Moreover, anyone planning to take a break later on in the year has been further and pointedly discouraged by new restrictions upon entering a large coastal area, which it was flatly stated may at any moment become the scene of invasion operations proceeding outward, not inward. The popular though quite unofficial explanation of the unexpected absence of German bombing reprisals against this country is that the Luftwaffe is also anticipating what is likely to happen in western Europe when the situation in North Africa eases. People think that the Germans are betting heavily on the U-boat and are cannily not expending many bombs or planes on Britons so long as they stay home. Nevertheless, the evening English radios announced the first heavy raid on Berlin most Londoners glanced a trifle apprehensively at their ceilings, as though expecting them to open and rain down an instant and furious reply. When the second record tonnage of bombs was dumped on Berliners a couple of nights later and still nothing happened here, people who had confidently dusted out the air-raid shelter and hung their siren suits on the bed post began to feel faintly

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ONCE UPON A TIME...

You could get plenty of Carstairs White Seal whiskey. Now, however, there may be occasions when you can't get any. Why? Because the demand is greater than the supply. And no wonder! This superb whiskey is more popular than ever... And our distilling facilities are devoted 100% to war production. But cheer up, your favorite spot will be "short" only occasionally.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

It just isn't being done

Trying to prolong the life of shoes this way, in order to piece out a ration period, is a bit upsetting.

You will conserve your hands, delight your feet and forget ration periods by wearing Nettletons.

You will experience in the fullest degree the true *economy* that is inherent in *quality*.

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creepy. At the new production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House," the air-raid scene in the third act and Captain Shotover's exultant remark, "I hope they come again tomorrow night," provoked one evening a wan titter from an audience which was only too visibly hoping that nothing of the kind would come before people had managed to catch the bus home in the blackout.

Meanwhile, the inquiry into the shelter disaster which occurred the last time London heard the anti-aircraft guns has been concluded, but its findings have not been given public circulation on the ground of security. Some of its visible results are the wooden guard rails that are being run up at the entrances to tube shelters to check any further dangerous helter-skelter rush of citizens ducking in off the street when the barrage does eventually sound its deafening welcome to the boys from Berlin.

ALL the victories last week weren't in Tunisia. A resounding feminist one has just been won right here in Westminster by a determined body of women members of Parliament, led by Mrs. Mavis Tate, the Conservative member for Frome, who has been gunning with tenacity and finally with success for equal compensation for men and women who are injured by bombing or while doing war work. Hitherto the law had perversely declared that the loss of a female leg, say, rated seven shillings a week less than the loss of the corresponding masculine article. Another result of the government's redressing of this long-rankling grievance is that the housewife, who was playfully classed as "a non-gainfully occupied woman" and granted a compensation, if she suffered a war injury, of sixteen shillings and fourpence a week, will in the future receive thirty-five shillings whether she becomes a casualty while fire-watching in the back yard or standing ungainfully occupied at her cooking stove.

Women have also recently achieved another triumph, one which may eventually succeed in improving millions of poor and tragic English lives. The powerful National Federation of Women's Institutes, moved to action by the nationwide horror over the habits of some of the slum evacuees who were unsuspectingly received in chintzy spare bedrooms in 1939, pressed for a searching investigation of England's urban black spots. The result, a businesslike report made by a group of women investigators, has just been published under the title "Our Town." Maybe the German

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ENGLAND

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Centuries of British Empire acceptance—of rigid supervision—assure uniform excellence in Jamaica Rums regardless of brand. And in today's dwindling choice of fine imported liquors, you'll find them doubly welcome.

JAMAICA OLD FASHIONED

Jamaica Rum brings the Old Fashioned up to date in a way that's wonderful if you follow this recipe:
Add 3 or 4 dashes of Angostura Bitters to 1 lump of sugar or 1 teaspoonful of syrup in an Old Fashioned glass. Then add 1 or 2 cubes of ice, a twist of lemon peel or a slice of lemon, 1 jigger of Jamaica Rum and a splash of soda water. Stir and serve.

Jamaica RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I

bombs which blasted slum windows wide open so that the horrified rural middle class could peek through are also ironically enough going to blast some long-delayed air and sunlight into them. The resulting national shock, the report hopes, will lead to higher housing standards, the raising of the school-leaving age, and the continuation of country camps for city kids after the war.

THE budget is due sometime in the next week or so, and shrinking taxpayers have been having the usual glum fun trying to guess where Sir Kingsley Wood is planning to crack down. As is customary before the presentation of the budget, gin and whiskey have vanished from the shops to stop rush buying by nervous customers who anticipate a new curtailment of liquor sales. But whatever shocks are in store, Londoners have been able to keep their morale up by buying daffodils from the curbstone hawkers, for the flowers-by-rail ban has been lifted, to the contentment of all. This is probably the result of public outrage over the disappearance of one of the few remaining wartime pleasures. However, shawled and straw-hatted ladies beamingly explain, as they sell the customer a two-bob bunch, that it was all Winnie's doing. "He was that pleased with the flowers everyone sent him when he was ill, poor dear," they say, "that he rang up the Cabinet and had it stopped right away."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

SENATE QUIZ

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 13

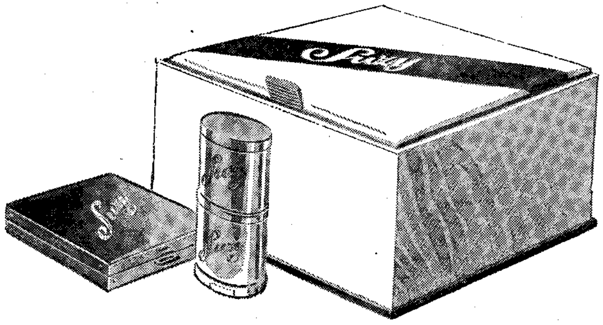
1. No law or laws. There were no laws and there was no violation.
2. Nationalism.
3. On the knowledge that the other countries would stick to the principle of neutrality.
4. Beware neutrality.
5. Snake-charming.
6. The doctrine of non-intervention.
7. It's a tossup.
8. He said, "You and I know that had there existed during the past decade international order based upon law, and with the capacity to enforce such law, the earth today would not be subjected to the cruel scourge which is now ravaging the entire globe." Yes.
9. Force.
10. On the day when for the first time a group of nations, on the basis of previously agreed-upon principles, will wage war against a violator of international law.

Bewitchery! A LA SUZY

Suzy, creator of enchanting Écarlate, Golden Laughter, and Bandbox perfumes, now brings you . . . lovely alluring Suzy face powders, rouges, and lipsticks!

SUZY FACE POWDERS	CHAIR AMBRÉE—*natural*—delicate, glowing ROSE DU NORD—*pink beige*—warm, vibrant TROPIQUE—*brunette*—exotic, disturbing

Soft downy texture, delicately scented with Écarlate de Suzy perfume . . . boxed in scarlet and white with a genuine lambs' wool puff . . . 3 oz. $2.25.



LIPSTICKS—Écarlate (medium), Golden Laughter (soft rose), Invitation (rich red) . . . $2.00.

ROUGES—Bright, glowing Écarlate (cake only), deep, ardent Invitation (cake or cream) . . . $1.50.

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Join the gentlemen who enjoy Aqua Velva after shaving. Cool as sea spray. Leaves the skin feeling softer, smoother. Clean, fresh scent. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion!

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Aqua Velva
for After Shaving

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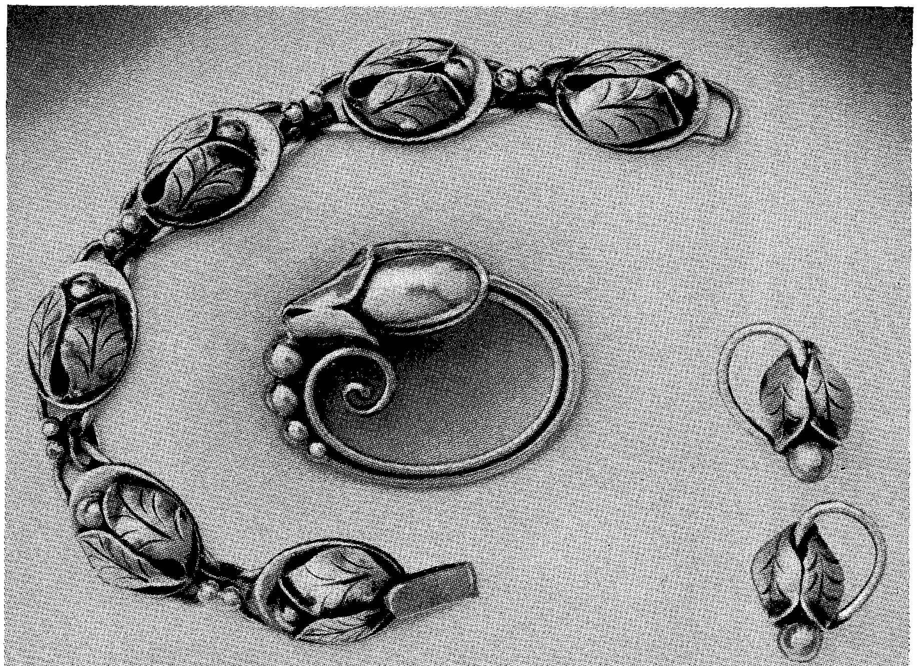

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So would any charming woman—and on any day. She knows how beautiful it is . . . The "Bud" design, in silver: brooch $14, bracelet $25, and earrings $12. Prices include Federal Tax.

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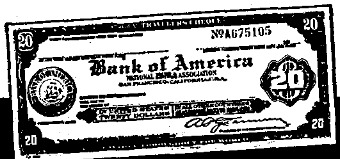

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's hold-the-line order shows what amazing changes the war has wrought. Who would have dreamed that F. D. R. would someday demand that everything stay the way it is?

•

Berlin spokesmen are preparing the German people's minds for the evacuation of Tunisia under painful conditions. They can only hope that Rommel's athletes are as good at swimming as they are in the 2,000-mile run.

•

John L. Lewis insists that the way to curb inflation is to let the workingman and the farmer have everything they want. That would give us inflation worth curbing.

•

The natives of Tunisia must be surprised at finding how highly their country is esteemed by foreigners. Up to this year they never knew that anybody cared.

•

General Marshall suggests that shipments of congressmen who want to tour the African front be kept within reasonable limits. He seems to feel that there are other good things our Army needs even more.

•

The Treasury is offering an attractive spring line of bonds at prices to suit every purse. There is a particularly charming million-dollar number for those who love nice things.

•

In this region, Victory gardening has been delayed by frigid April winds. Everybody agrees that what this country needs is a good five-day heat wave.

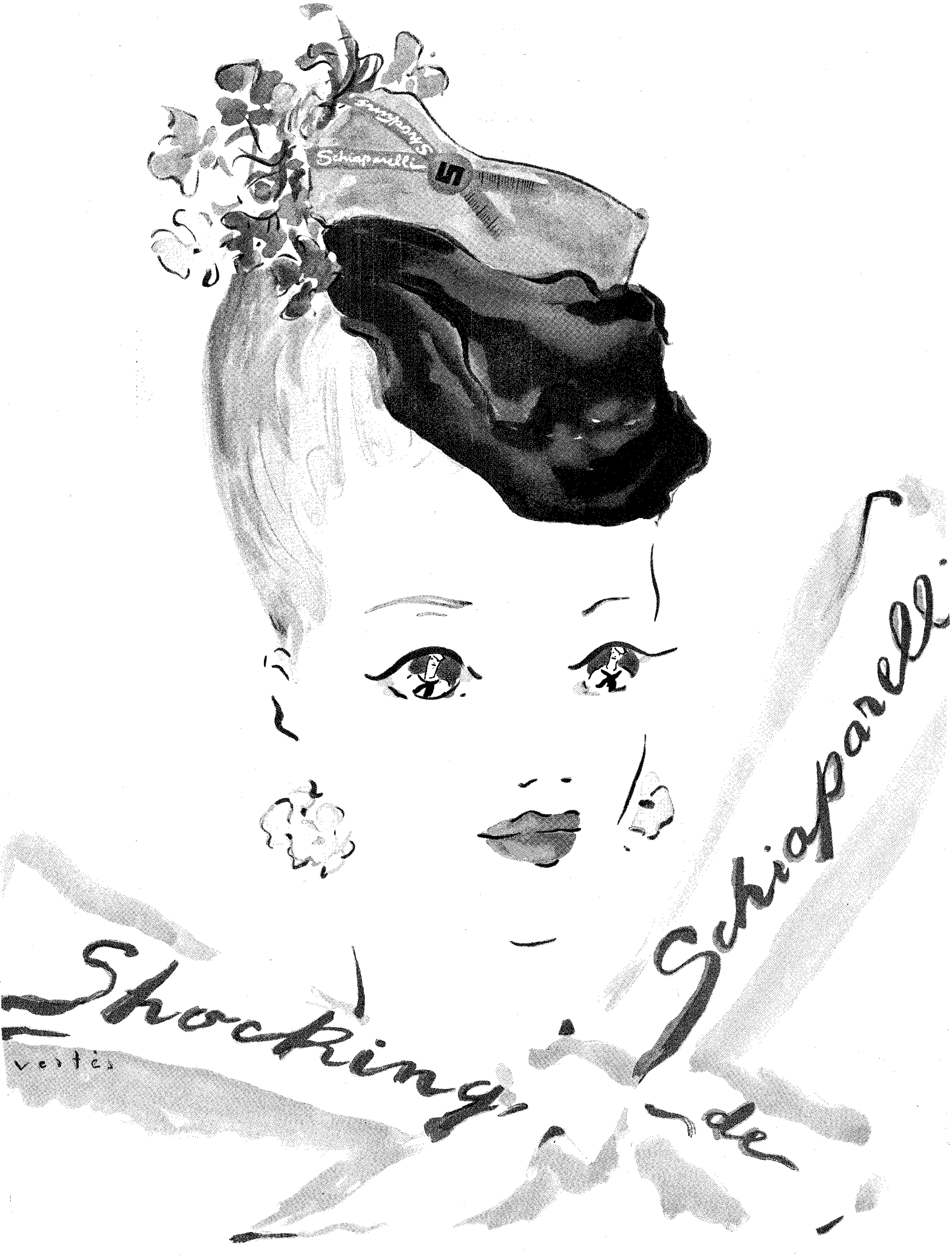
•

The Russians claim that nearly two million Hitlerites were killed or captured during the winter offensive. This would justify the Führer's boast that when Germans go any place they stay.

•

Secretary Morgenthau has worked out a plan for a postwar currency system based on the gold standard. It may be assumed that the main office of the concern would be located in the basement of Kentucky.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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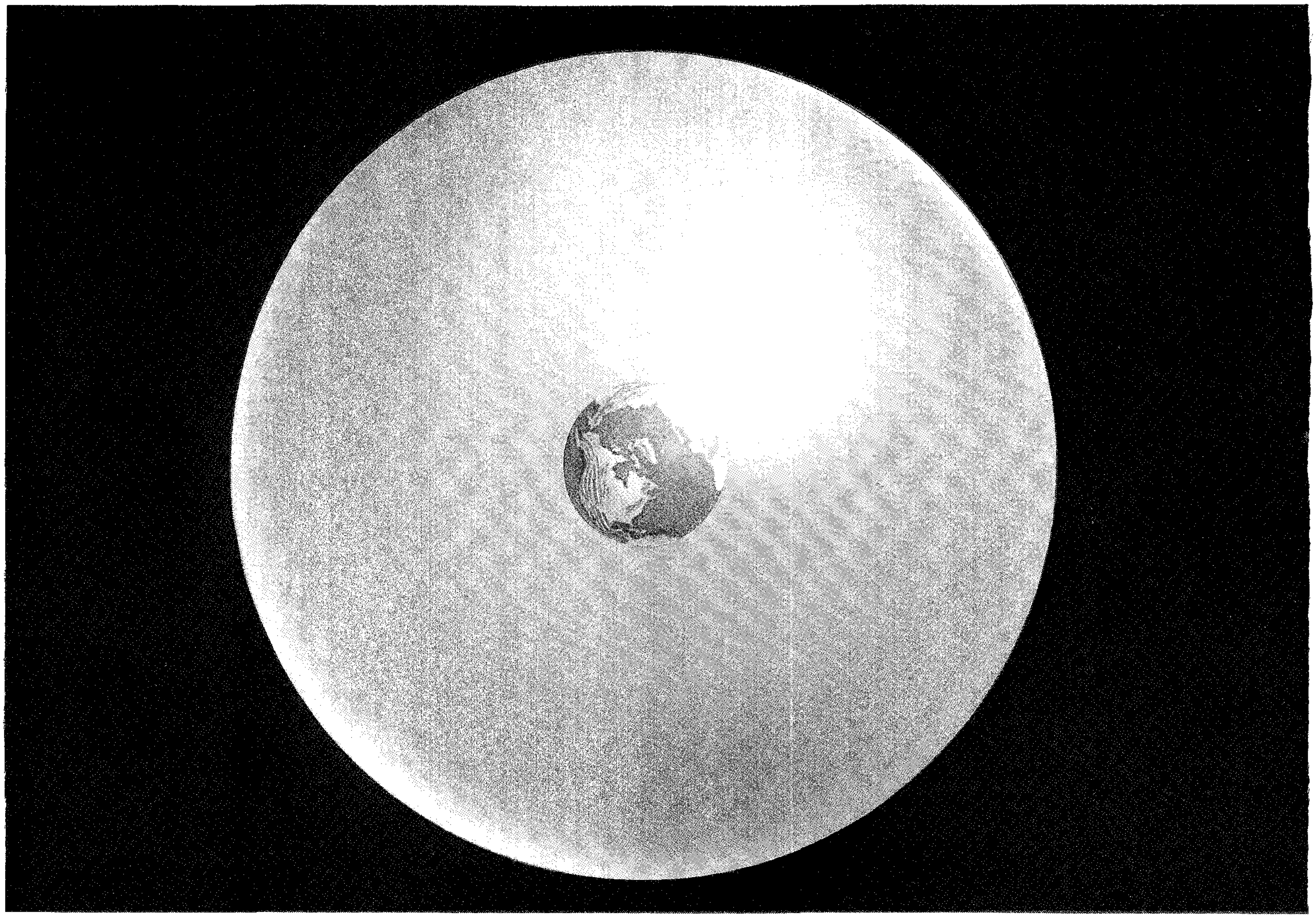

WE SUBMIT THIS CONCEPTION OF OUR CHANGED WORLD AS THE BASIS FOR OUR

WAR-THINKING

We exist *upon* one globe, and *inside* another globe.

Our planet-earth is the center of a larger air-globe . . . It is like a small spherical kernel within a large spherical shell. Both globes, as one unit, follow the same orbit. We take our air with us—and always have.

The new factor that changes our world is the *use* of air as the only *universal* realm for transportation. In ratio as we *do* use it, we change the proximity and accessibility of all places, and effectively we make the world smaller.

* * *

With this conception as the basis for our war-thinking the world *could* make Peace permanent.

Not that human nature will change that much, that quickly, but because, after centuries of recurring wars, the human race now does possess the physical means of *enforcing* Peace.

* * *

Consider the *protective* possibilities of air:

Since air is *everywhere*, it is not possible for any person, clique or nation to hide anywhere upon the earth from air surveillance. If we have mastery of the air, we can reach the spawning grounds of the war plotters and prevent their preparations for war.

Consider the *productive* possibilities of air:

Today, *all* world markets are much *closer* neighbors than cities of the United States used to be. Air transportation makes possible a quicker post-war rehabilitation and a better world economic system.

* * *

World War I was a localized war. It was won by *surface* strategy. World War II is a *universal* war where there are no safety zones, because every inch of the earth's surface is a potential target for bombs from the air.

* * *

The world geography of 1918 is as obsolete as that of the ancient flat-world. That is why the post-war world will present problems as great as does this war-world —and why we will need aviation more *after* this war than during it.

After the Peace Conference we will have a much more *vulnerable* nation, because it is no longer an isolated piece-of-land, but an integral, inseparable and indivisible part of today's air-world. The *waters* of our two oceans could no more prevent air attack than did the *cement* of the Maginot Line.

* * *

The pre-air conception of the world was one of nations protected by vast oceans. All world economic, political and military thinking was predicated upon that surface-conception. Aviation has turned the page on that era!

Of course nations will continue to have boundary lines and will use land and water methods of transportation. But aviation changes all relative values; it nullifies the buffer nations, and makes possible that which has, for all man's prior history, been impossible.

* * *

Since it is primarily the use of *air* that makes this a Global War, it must follow inevitably that a *dominant* use of air can maintain Global Peace.

* * *

The United States has the beginning of the aviation machinery necessary to implement its democratic ideals and prevent a repetition of the war-crime by any nation.

Attain the most powerful position in the air and automatically we will become the greatest Power for Peace.

A. N. KEMP
President, **AMERICAN AIRLINES, Inc.**

THE COMING AMERICAN FISH FRY

When a man has been in Walter Reed Hospital, a noble institution but a dull one, for an appreciable length of time, he begins to toy with the idea of letting the indicator on his physiotherapy whirlpool bath go from "Hot" to "Danger." He has made his way through countless *Reader's Digests*, *Libertys*, *Colliers*es, *Saturday Evening Posts*, *Lifes*, *Looks*, *Pics*, and *Clicks*. He has had just about enough of Superman and Joe Palooka and Li'l Abner. He is weary of crossword puzzles. He is sick of soap operas. And to add to his worries, the newspapers carry stories which say that after the war there will be such a rush to spend War Bonds on consumer goods that the nation will experience a fantastic boom, to be followed by a slump from which recovery will be well-nigh impossible. (Washington newspapers love "well-nigh." John L. Lewis's conduct is "well-nigh indefensible," the Turkish Ambassador and Mme. Ertegun give "well-nigh flawless dinners," and all that.)

When a man reaches this nadir of boredom, as I did recently, he hobbles around his ward and engages people in conversation. "Do *you* think there will be a boom, to be followed by a slump from which recovery will be well-nigh impossible?" he asks anxiously. "When you cash your War Bonds in peacetime, how do you think you'll spend the money?"

The answers were not what the newspapers had led me to expect.

Corporal Adamowski, for example, does not intend to buy any consumer goods worth mentioning. He is going to take over a little shack that his brother owns on the New Jersey coast and fix it up for year-round living. He is going to fish. In fact, he ain't gonna do nuttin' *but* fish, goddam.

Captain Parr is going to do much the same thing, except that on Sanibel Island, Florida, where *he* plans to have a little shack, the soil is good enough to permit a certain amount of gardening. Captain Parr is especially interested in the new dwarf variety of yellow tomato, which he says is hardy and a good yielder. His interest in the yellow tomato is convincing, but it's obviously secondary. Almost every night Captain Parr dreams about swordfish.

Sergeant Jewett (colored) is a native of Stephenson, Michigan. While he was on furlough after maneuvers in Louisiana, he ate some red mullet at a chum's house and decided then and there that he would devote himself to mullet-fishing after the war. What he doesn't eat he is going to smoke and send to Chicago, where his brother-in-law will sell it in his neighborhood store.

Private Vermeulen knows of a small dairy farm in New Hampshire, high up on marginal land, which has a trout stream within a hundred yards of the back door. He is going to run the farm on shares and spend as much time as possible catching trout. Private Vermeulen says he isn't going to buy a lot of expensive flies, either. He's going to use worms, the way God intended.

Private Olmstead is going to become the proud owner of some lobster traps near the breakwater at Point Judith, Rhode Island. His plans are much like Sergeant Jewett's. What he doesn't eat, he'll sell.

Major Livesey is going to devote his entire attention to trout, but solely to Colorado trout. You can have the rest of the country as a gift, as far as Major Livesey is concerned. Colorado is the only state where a man can actually be a man. The Major is vehement about this and flails the air with his arms when he says it.

Private Quackenbush is going eeling at night. He is a laconic soldier and does not develop the theme. All he says is "When I get back to Geneva, New York, I'm going eeling at night." He says it with determination.

Corporal Charbonneau plans to spear salmon by moonlight in Nova Scotia. However, there is considerable doubt among those in the physiotherapy ward as to the reliability of Corporal Charbonneau's word. He claims that before he reached the age of eighteen he had given pleasure—a phrase which comes readily to his lips—to thirty-seven women out of a possible sixty-two in his home town, which had better be nameless.

Private Davis intends to dedicate himself to a leisurely extermination of all the catfish in Missouri, keeping a jug of something tasty always at his side.

Private Fantucci is going back to San Francisco and catch practically everything you ever heard of. Private Fantucci differs from the others in that fishing has always been his principal line of work. He says that Mrs. Fantucci cooks garlic, onions, and bell peppers in olive oil, adds a can of tomatoes and a bay leaf, and lets the pot simmer on the back of the stove for quite a while. Then she throws in a handful of his mussels, a few of his clams, the claw meat of a couple of his crabs, half a dozen nice fish fillets, and half a bottle of *vino*. When dinnertime approaches, Mrs. Fantucci crisp-fries some croutons rubbed with garlic, puts them in big soup plates, and pours the mixture over them. (It's pretty clear that Mrs. Fantucci, in the words of the popular song, is "nice to come home to.")

That's about the lot of the circumstantial case histories, but there are other suggestive items:

A warrant officer practices surf-casting as a form of therapy for his shoulder.

One of the unloved, a lieutenant of military police, is forming a grandiose plan which involves matching his wits with those of Maine lake bass.

We even have a brigadier general undergoing treatment, and although I've never ventured to speak to him, I've noticed that he reads *Field & Stream* as he wriggles his toes in a series of prescribed exercises.

So it goes. No one talks about buying cars, airplanes, radios, air-conditioning devices, oil burners, or other such commodities when the war is over. It seems to me that the manufacturers of consumer goods have reason to be worried about postwar conditions. They—and every fish that swims—should be well-nigh terrified.

—James Reid Parker

•

THE GOOD LIFE

[*A sign in the corridor of a rooming house in the Memphis black belt*]

Rules for This Rooming House

All rent must be paid in advance or half of it. All rooms must be kept nice. No washing, eating, cooking or keeping food in washstand drawers. No sub-renting rooms to anyone. The rooms are rented according to the number of beds in the room and the number of persons to stay in a room. In a room with one bed only two persons are allowed and no more. No gambling. No bootlegging. And no receiving stolen goods or anything of that kind. If we know it you will have to move at once or you will be reported to the police headquarters.

This may seem funny but it is business for no one wants to live in a place where a gang of underworld people live. Your life is in danger day and night. As you come in from your work at night someone is waiting to take your life for the little money you have worked hard for all the week while they are sleeping all day and up all night planning to rob you of what you are making and also they will break your lock and catch a chance to slip into

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—SALLY BENSON, *New Yorker*

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"A book to read through at a sitting, because you can't possibly put it down."
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By Margaret Carpenter

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your room like a rat and rob you of all your valuables and stand up to your face and say I don't know anything about it. And so now dear roomer it is fearful and dangerous to rent a room to that kind of a person. We don't rent rooms to that kind of person if we know it and as soon as we find it out they will be dismissed the same day or turned over into the hands of the law. Because we want a nice, quiet place to live. . . . Please arrange to have your rent when it is due for we do not carry any rent over at all.

Again those who have rooms please turn out the lights when you go out of the room if it is not for but five minutes. Also when coming in late at night don't make any noise such as loud talking, laughing and heavy walking up and down the hall and stairways or go to and fro in the hall singing, dancing or popping the fingers. At any time day or night. . . . No bad language may be used on the telephone.

LOBBY ON FIRST FLOOR

The lobby is strictly a sitting room and no bad language is allowed. No disorderly conduct. No lying down on the davenport. No two or more persons allowed to sit in one chair at the same time nor on the arms of the chair or on the center table. No drunk person is allowed in the lobby. Take them to your room or out of doors. No kissing, hugging or loving of any kind allowed in the lobby. Go to your room for that. All roomers are responsible for the disorderly conduct of their visiting friends.

KITCHEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR

No one is allowed in the kitchen except the ones that are cooking. Four persons can cook at the same time if they care to do so. Every person who comes to cook must bring some wood with them and as soon as they put a cooking vessel on the stove must put some wood in the stove and that will make cooking lovely. When each one finish cooking and serving their meal clean all cooking vessels which they have used and sweep the kitchen thoroughly. Each one must do the same when they get through.

Don't let anyone tell you that they will clean the kitchen for you. Clean up after yourself and let them clean up after themselves. . . . And when you go into the kitchen to cook make up your mind to cook at once and don't drag around in the way of someone else. So please, no one is allowed in the kitchen except the ones that are cooking. Remember that the kitchen is for cooking and eating and must be kept clean. No washing, no hair straightening, no hair cutting and shaving. Do not heat wash water on kitchen stove. Do not put groceries on the dining room table. Nothing but food and drinks that are prepared for eating. So please read this sign and understand it good before you rent a room here. Then you will know just what to do. So please don't be frightened after you read this sign for it is mighty fine to live in a nice, quiet place while so many other people are living among robbers and murderers and all kind of evil hearted people who are walking in the darkness of life and do not care for the better things of life. We do not want to come in contact with the evil spirit of these people and we do not want their money but all good people are as welcome as the wind that blows.

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BOOKS

Harold L. and Wendell L.

THE reading ration this week consists of a couple of books by a couple of American politicians—in the English, not the American, sense of the word. One is a professional Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang, the other a charmer of international dimensions. The first has been a Republican, a Progressive, and a Democrat; the second has been both Democrat and Republican. One has been against the interests all his life; the other, during the least useful interval of his career, was himself a part of those interests, but has since reformed. Both were well into their middle years before they performed important services for their country. Both would seem naïve to the cynical European. Of partly German descent, both are purely American in outlook. The names of this brace of citizens are Harold L. Ickes and Wendell L. Willkie.

Mr. Ickes' "The Autobiography of a Curmudgeon"—the book does not quite measure up to the title—is built on the basis of a running gag. For his own amusement, Mr. Ickes puts on a not too expert imitation of a man with a gastric ulcer. He delights in his admission that he is a self-made curmudgeon who has greatly enjoyed grousing his way through public life. His comic churlishness extends even to his dedication: "If to anyone, of course to Jane." (Jane is Mrs. Ickes; you will remember Mr. Ickes' surprise marriage of a few years ago.) Mr. Ickes conceives of himself as a bellicose, uncharming, vituperative fellow with a great capacity for enlisting and enjoying enemies. "What trouble a man can make if only he keeps his mind on it," he remarks cheerfully.

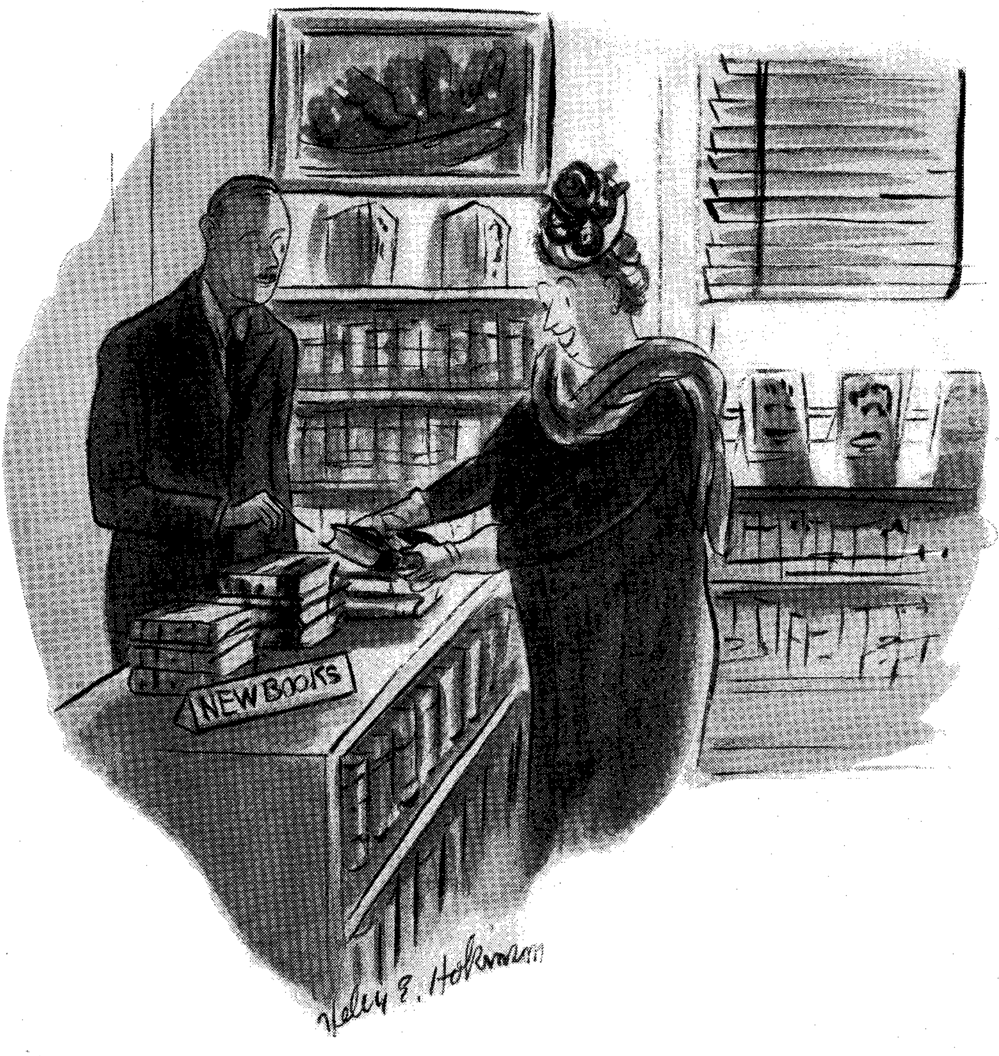
As a matter of fact, Mr. Ickes is simply an honest man and a good patriot who, because he has never cared to run for elective office, has not had to worry much about placating people or fooling them into liking him. Among those he has not placated and who do not like him are the members of what he calls "the Bertie-Cissy-Joey axis." His justifiable feud with the Chicago *Tribune* is one of the leitmotifs of the book.

Ickes has been mixed up in national and Chicago politics ever since he was a young curmudgeon. Up to 1932 he consistently picked losers. He was never able, for instance, to make Hiram Johnson President, and in 1912 the defeat of Theodore Roosevelt killed Progressive hopes forever. In 1920, over Mr. Ickes' vigorous "Nay," the Republicans picked Harding. In this case, however, the Republicans lost too.

You can learn from Mr. Ickes a little more about Chicago politics than most of us are interested in; you can also learn enough about the PWA to convince any reasonable person that whatever the state of our military preparedness on December 7, 1941, a good deal of what had been accomplished could be ascribed to that much-maligned institution.

Among the folk who wander in and out of Mr. Ickes' plain-spoken, homespun narrative are Gifford Pinchot, Medill McCormick, Big Bill Thompson, Anton Cermak ("I never believed that the assassin who shot Cermak was after Roosevelt"), Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Herbert Hoover, of whom Mr. Ickes says, "To me Hoover has always been—well, Hoover," which seems, even for the irate Mr. Ickes, almost too cutting.

MR. WILLKIE is a much subtler and more ingratiating performer than Mr. Ickes, but before he's finished, let us hope, he will have as many enemies as has Honest Harold, and practically the same ones, too. What is interesting about Mr. Willkie is his profound educability, a quality rarely to be found in big businessmen. He has that admirable innocence which European diplomats will never understand. As soon as he has learned something new, he feels it his duty to let everybody else know all about it. I do not agree either with those who think Mr. Willkie is naïve or with those who think he is playing some involved game. He has simply, by an inexplicable miracle, burst all the bonds which might have confined him within the narrow limits of big-business



"I've just been waiting for Faith Baldwin to take Washington apart!"

thinking and become, if we are to judge from his public utterances, one of those "new men" with "new ideas" for whom he pleads in his book.

The book, "One World," is a simple, readable report on his 49-day, 31,000-mile trip abroad. Mr. Willkie made the important discovery that the world is round. He made the further discovery that sooner or later this round world would be one. It will be one only after the complete disappearance of the colonial system, which Mr. Willkie hopes will be relaxed slowly through a withering-away process. He is convinced, in particular, that the rising tide of nationalism in the Middle East must be recognized.

Mr. Willkie's journey was a buying rather than a selling trip. He came home thoroughly sold on Turkey, Siberia, and China (even on the Chinese Communists). He was sold, too, on General Montgomery, whose post-Alamein remark he quotes: "It is now mathematically certain that I will eventually destroy Rommel." He is not sold on our expedient policy in North Africa or on our apparent reluctance to call a common council of the United Nations. He offers interesting sketches of Chennault, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-shek, and he pleads for coöperation with Russia.

His final words on our own foreign policy are simple, sweeping, and decisive: "America must choose one of three courses after this war: narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the ultimate loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation. I am convinced the American people will choose, by overwhelming majority, the last of these courses. To make this choice effective, we must win not only the war, but also the peace, and we must start winning it now." —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

A SELECTION of poems by Stefan George, translated from the German by Ernst Morwitz, a friend of his later years, and Carol North Valhope, has finally appeared in English. George has held the position, in some enlightened opinion, of being the greatest European poet of the start of the century and of our own times. Interest in his work, however, has lagged far behind interest in Rilke's, a fact which would have caused George himself (he died in 1933) and has caused surviving members of his circle considerable

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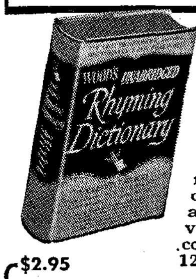

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anguish. George consistently ignored Rilke and George's followers have on occasion been ruthless and unfair to Rilke's achievement and ideas. George had, it is certain, a streak of the megalomaniac in his nature, and that Rilke's poetry should have insinuated itself into the hearts of English, French, and American readers was a development that the magnificent George could not foresee.

Mr. Morwitz and Miss Valhope have chosen work from seven George volumes, beginning with "Hymns" (1890), published in his twenty-second year, and ending with "The Kingdom Come" (1928), published in his sixtieth. The original poems stand on pages facing the translations. The full sweep of a career extraordinary in its nature is rather fully recorded. Mr. Morwitz, in a long preface, attempts to give American readers some inkling of the reasons for George's impressive life and art. This exegesis partly fails, as have so many explanations written by men who knew the poet. The addition of a portrait would have been enlightening. It is always a shock to the student who has begun the study of George without knowing what he looked like to be confronted with the almost brutal planes of the poet's skull and jaw, the thin, ascetic mouth, and the ecclesiastical costume he affected. Americans have seen this sort of face before, but usually it is the face of a prizefighter or an impresario, rarely of a creative man. There is something rather fake, moreover, to my view, in this clerical getup. The rigorous, serious, completely dedicated hierarchic figure and the consistently ordered and almost stage-managed life we do not understand because we do not yet produce such people (at least in the field of literature) or such careers.

Rilke is on record as making a kind and sympathetic explanation of the high-priest act George indulged in. "When a great poet is born into a time inimical to him," Rilke said, "he must protect himself." It is still a puzzle just where the George protective mask ended and his vanity and power drive began. Underneath all this rigidity, strangely enough, existed not a particularly complex nature but a rather simple one. "A simple soul," as a disciple has called George, certainly produced those lyrics of which the expression alone is complex. What saved George and what made him powerful, apart from the impression his very looks must have made on the beholder, is the manifest sincerity and profound depth of his emotions. George drew everything into himself,

Homely as a pair of overalls. Shrewd as a candid camera. Solid as a sandwich Sharp as new corn whisky Strong as a mule. Direct as a sock in the jaw. Lively as a rodeo Fresh as new paint on young lips. That's

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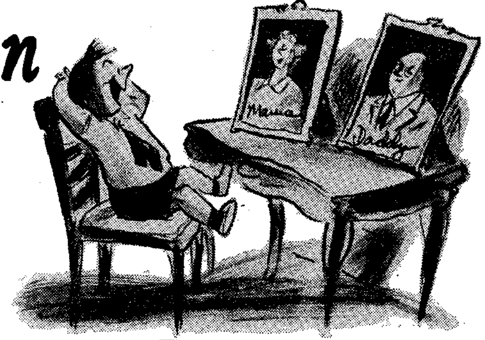

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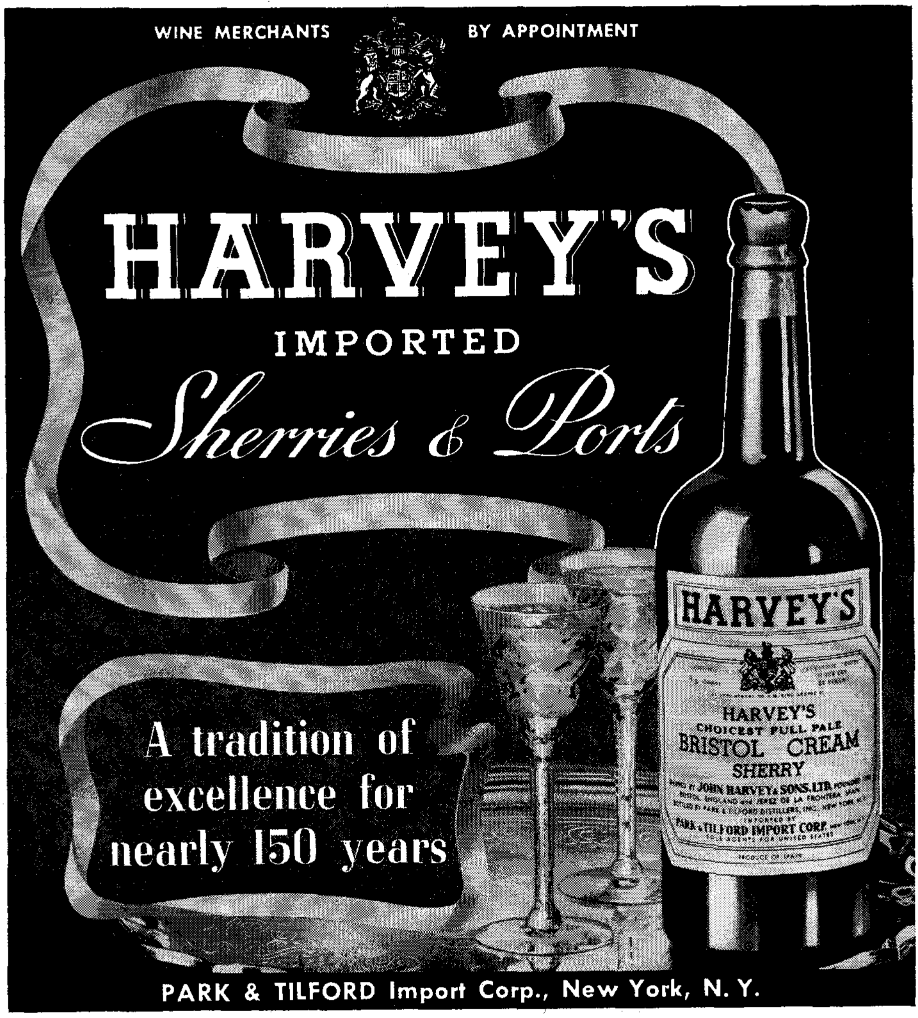
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but his temperament changed the world he so seriously absorbed into verse ranging from the most lucid songs to poems glittering with the religious pronouncements of the seer. It is his magnificent language and simple heart which save him in the end.

Born in 1868 of peasant and petty-bourgeois Rhineland stock, George was given a good formal education and soon left Germany to study with Mallarmé. Naturalism was in full swing in Germany and throughout Europe, and George made a determined stand against the ideals of the materialist society in which he found himself. As he grew older, he felt the traditional German pull away from lyricism toward seership, ethical ideas, and religion-making. He has been accused by some of thinking Hitlerian thoughts before Hitler. His friends, however, including the present translators, have cleared him of any views even remotely National Socialist. It is true that the Third Reich tried to claim him, both in life and after his death. He died in self-imposed exile at Locarno, but I have seen a volume of his selected poems published of late years in Germany in which the place of his death is given as Munich. Many Georgian facts will become available after the war ends. Meanwhile, anyone interested in the comparative literature which is becoming so important in our day should try to understand George while remembering to enjoy him.

The volume has a particularly attractive format. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RED ORM, by Frans Bengtsson, translated from the Swedish by Barrows Mussey. The author has produced, drawing largely on the sagas of the Vikings, a good, swinging tale that is a million miles removed from the contemporary and the familiar. The story, which shifts from Spain to England and to the Denmark of the mythic age, makes life in the ninth century seem quite credible and on the whole rather cozy. Mr. Bengtsson tells his adventurous story in a lean, lively prose very different from the fancy, pseudo-medieval style which William Morris led us to believe was the language of the sagas.

GENERAL

DYNAMITE CARGO, by Fred Herman. An American merchant seaman's story of a big convoy on the long, violent way to Murmansk. Moving and well written; one of the best of its kind, in fact. Introduction by Madeleine Carroll. Some British photographs, and good ones.

ALL WE ARE AND ALL WE HAVE, by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The Chinese leader's speeches and messages since Pearl Harbor, including those to the Indian people, the Flying Tigers, and the American people, plus replies by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Willkie, and others. Some of the translations seem a trifle spotty.

WE CHINESE WOMEN, by Mayling Soong Chiang (Madame Chiang Kai-shek). This small companion volume to the book reviewed above brings together the speeches and writings of China's First Lady from February 12th to November 16th of last year, many of them touched with the wise and graceful strength we have learned to expect from her. Several of the speeches are by way of greeting to distinguished visitors, whose replies are given here. One of the speeches has appeared in the *Times Magazine*, another in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

CHILE, by Benjamín Subercaseaux, translated by Angel Flores. Piquant and sensitive interpretation of the land, the people, and the culture of Chile—a sort of cultural geography—by a young Chilean who has been to Paris and got a tinge of surrealism in his prose. The translation is good.

PROLOGUE TO NEW ENGLAND, by Henry F. Howe. Attractive, scholarly book about the little-known period of New England exploration between 1498 and the Pilgrims, including material on the voyages of Cabot, Gosnold, Champlain, John Smith, and others. Contemporary maps.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY, by Rosemary Taylor. Life as the author saw it in a Tucson boarding house, and lots of it, what with gold-strikers, retired yodellers, man-killing ladies, and other curiosa. One of the more robust and amusing of the good-old-days books. Sketches by Donald McKay.

FORWARD WITH SCIENCE, by Rogers D. Rusk. Excellent popular essays on several scientific matters which are still essentially novelties, such as the neutron, the electron microscope, radioactivity, atom-smashing, atomic energy, and cosmic rays. Dr. Rusk is at his best as expositor, at his weakest as abstract thinker. Illustrated.

EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES, by Alice Hamilton, M.D. Autobiography of a pioneer investigator of oc-

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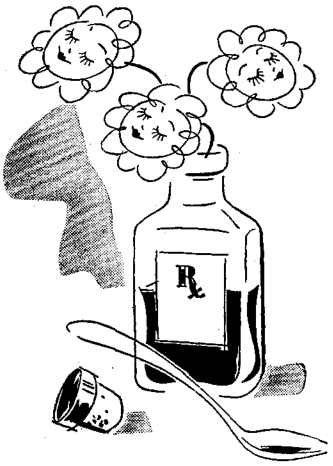

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cupational diseases in industry whose collateral work in social service led her from Hull House to the Health Committee of the League of Nations. A wise and charming book. The author is a professor emeritus of the Harvard Medical School. Sketches by Norah Hamilton.

Anatomy of My Universe, by André Masson. A leading surrealist painter, and one more profoundly studied than most, essays to describe his philosophy in a series of thirty-four beautifully executed ink drawings. An interesting book, if at times occult.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Art of Murder, by William Roughead. Eight true crime stories by the Scotchman who loves the subject so passionately—"The Frightfulness of Mr. Williams," "Lucretia Carries On," "Constance Kent's Conscience," "The Luck of Adelaide Bartlett," "Wicked Madam Branch," "The Duchess of Praslin," "The Secret of Ireland's Eye," and "A Case for DeQuincey." A superb collection, with a foreword by Joseph Henry Jackson, who says of Mr. Roughead, "He knows murder from mere slaughter every time."

Mr. Fortune Finds a Pig, by H. C. Bailey. A mysterious outbreak of typhus among a group of children who are living far from war's horror in a small Welsh village brings Reggie Fortune to the spot with proper authorization from the C.I.D. The enterprising Mr. Fortune finds a fairly old corpse and uncovers a lot of villainy. Nice detecting, and cheerful, too.

Dead on the Track, by John Rhode. Pure detection in the old-fashioned way in a new story about Inspector Hanslet of Scotland Yard and the famous Dr. Priestley. The investigation of the death of a man whose body has been found, badly battered, beside the railroad tracks near the small village of Filmerham may prove tedious to youngsters, but it's sound reading for those slightly gray about the temples.

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—Headline in the London (Ont.) Free Press, page 2, column 4, January 7th.

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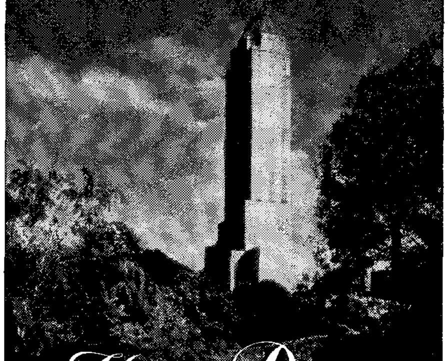

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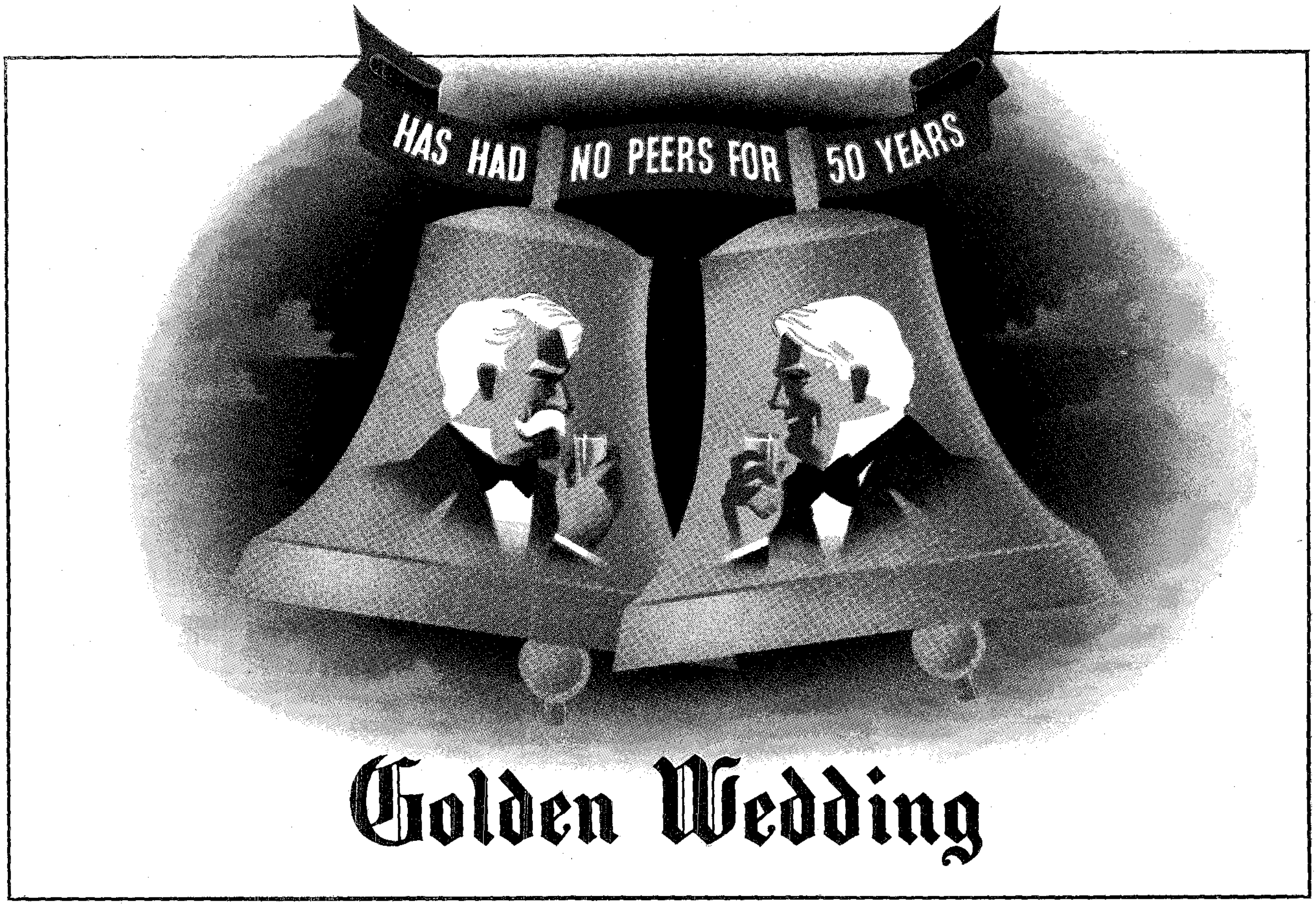
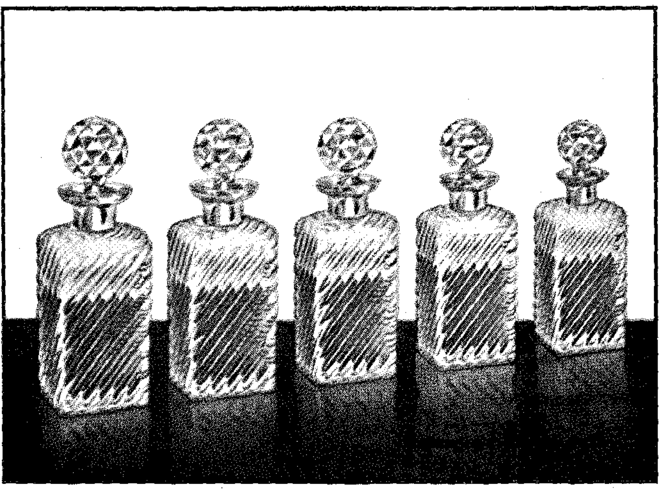
Remember This Famous Sign of Five Great Whiskies "Wedded" Into One


HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS
Golden Wedding

1 HERE is the sign of real enjoyment. The famous trademark of the whiskey that has had no peers for fifty years—*because it's five great whiskies "wedded" into one!*



Golden Wedding

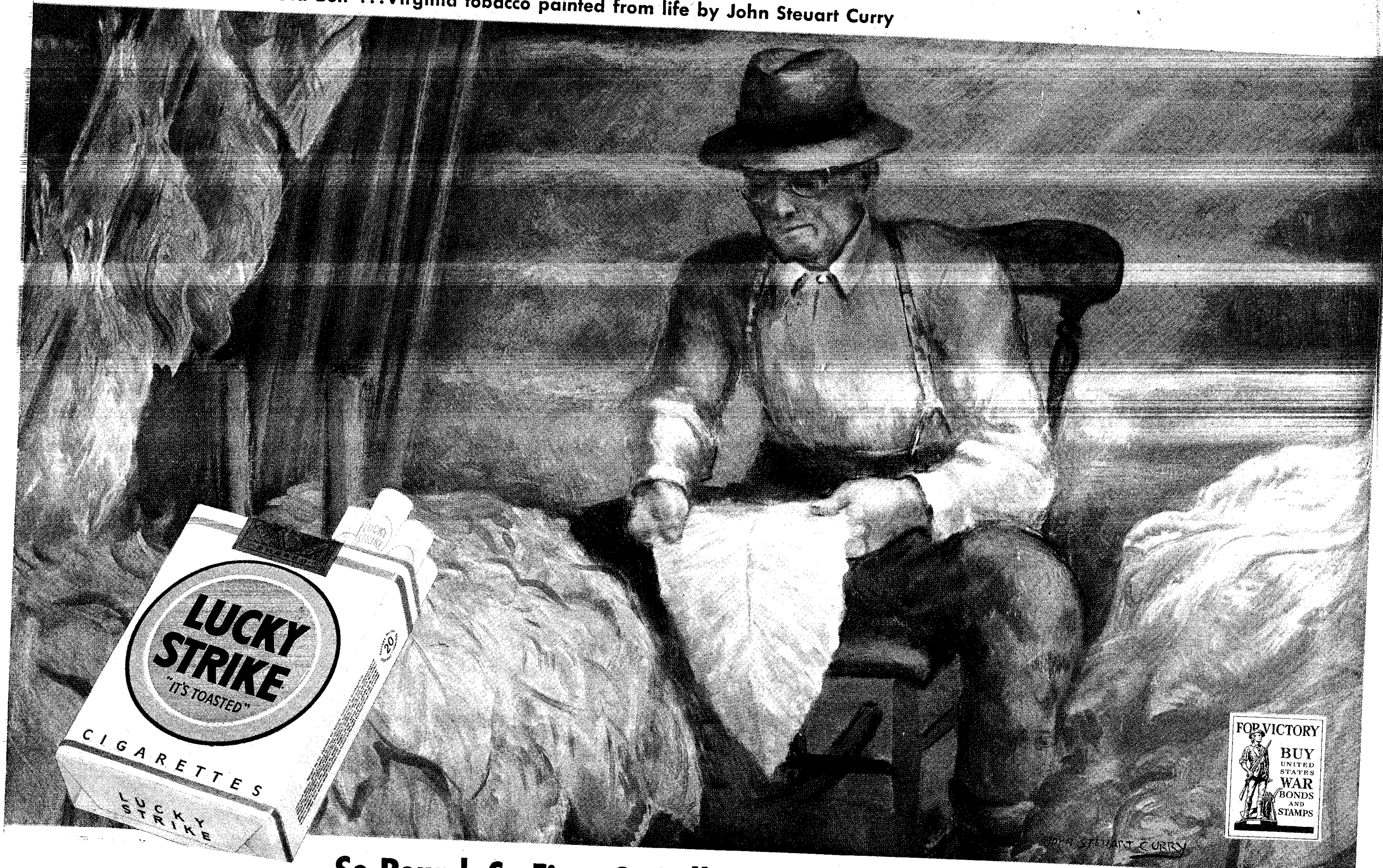
2 AND HERE are the *five great whiskies,* carefully chosen from the finest aged stocks—each for a rare distinction of its own. *Richness . . . character . . . flavor . . . tang . . . bouquet.* It's the "wedding" of *all five* that gives you Golden Wedding!

3 TASTE Golden Wedding today. Its smoothness and lightness will delight you. Golden Wedding's distilleries are now working 100% for war but enough whiskies for Golden Wedding—made before the war—are available to meet your moderate demands.

A blend of straight whiskies—86 Proof—the straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1943, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.
Tune in to Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine 'Carnival' every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System, starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and guest stars.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry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